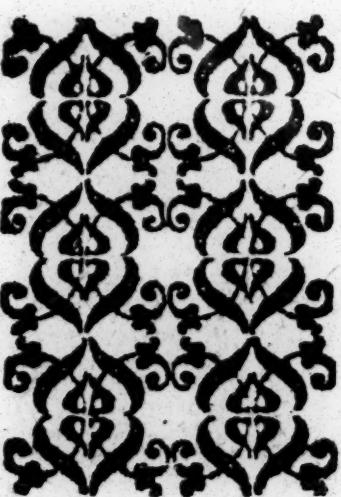


# THE TILE OF GVL.S.

As it hath been often playd in the blacke  
Fryars, by the Children of  
the Reuels.

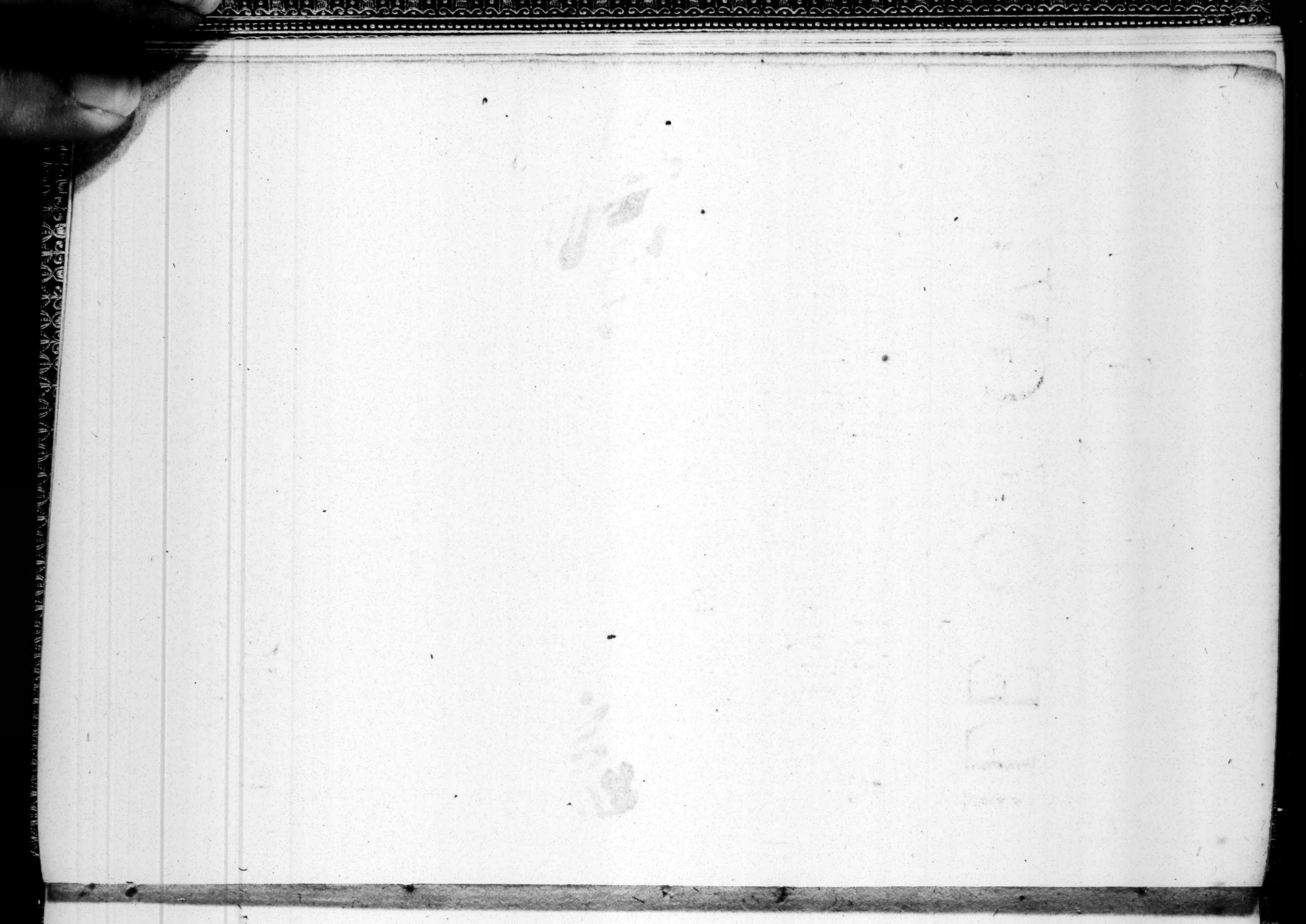
Written by Iohn Day.

Sc. M.



ST. JAMES'S PLACE

Printed for John Trundle, and are to be  
sold by John Hodgetts in Paules Church-  
yard. 1606.



S. T. M. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

# The Ile of Gulls.

*I Enter severally 3. Gentlemen, as to see a play.*

1

H

*The Ile of Gulls.*

2

T

*The Ile of Gulls.*

3

C

*The Ile of Gulls, what shold that be?*

*2 A play by the name, but come shals quarter our selues?*

*1 If some had had the wit to doe so in time, they might ha laude  
the hangman a labour. But come boy, furnish vs with stooles.*

*Enter Prologue.*

*Pro. Pardon me sir, my office is to speake a Prologue, not to pro-  
uide you stooles.*

*1 And you were the Epilogue to sir -*

*2 Fie be not inciwill : doft heare yowth, prethe whats he that dif-  
couerd your new found Land, the Ile of Gulls? what is hee?*

*Pro. A meere stranger sir.*

*3 A stranger? the better welcome: comes hee East-ward,  
West-ward, or North-ward hoe?*

*Pro. None of the three waies I assure you.*

*1 Prethe where is he?*

*Pro. Not on his knees in a corner, to Apollo praying that his play  
may hold in a good hand at Passadge, nor on the stage amongst gal-  
lants, preparing a bespake Plaudite; but close in his studie writing  
hard, to get him a handsome suite against Sommer.*

*2 And where sits his friends? hath he not a prepar'd company of  
gallants, to aplaud his iests, and grace out his play.*

*Pro. None I protest: Doe Poets vse to bespeake their Auditory.*

*2 The best in grace doe, and but for that, some that I know, had  
never had their grace in Poetry till this day.*

*Pro. Then must our Author looke for a certaine disgrace, for he  
is altogether vn furnishit of such a friendly audience.*

*1 Then he must lay his tryall vpon God and good wits. But why  
doth he call his play *The Ile of Gulls*, it begets much expectation.*

*Pro. Not out of any dogged disposition, nor that it figures anie  
certaine state, or private government: farre be that supposition from*

## The Isle of Gulls.

the thought of any indifferent Auditor: and the argument beeing a little string or Riuoler, drawne fio the full streine of the right worthy Gentleman, Sir Phillip Sydneys well knowne Archadea, confimes it: onely a Duke to make tryall of certaine experiments, rayles with his resaine into a Namelesse desart. Now as well for fashion sake, as that all those which haue to doe in that desart, are guld in the reach of their hopes, wherefore hee calls it, (and as hee presumes, most improprie) *The Isle of Gulls*.

I Out a question he hath promised thee some fee, thou pleadest so hard for him, but and he be a right Poet hee will never performe it. But what method obserues hee in his play, ist any thing Criticall? Are Lawyers fees, and Citizens wifes laid open in it: I loue to heare vice anotomized, & abuse let blood in the maister vaine, is there any great mans life characted int?

*Pro.* None I protest sir, only in the person of *Dameras* he expresses to the life the monstrous and deformed shape of vice, aswell to beget a lothing of abuse, as that his villanie may giue the greater lust to the vertuous dispositions of true-borne gentilitie.

I All that's nothing to mee, and there be not Wormewood water and Copperes int, Ile not like it, should *Apollo* write it, and *Rosinus* himselfe act it.

2 Fie vpon thee, thou art too too Criticall: is there any good baudry int, iestis of an ell deepe, and a fathome broad, good cuckolding, may a couple of young-setters vp learne to doe well int? Giue me a scene of venery, that will make a mans spirrits stand on theyr iypes, and die his bloode in a deepe scarlet, like your *Ouid's Aeneas*, there flowes the true Spring-head of Poetry, and the verie Christall fount of Parnassus.

*Pro.* Chast cares would neuer endure it sir.

2 Chast cares, now deafenes light vpon em, what should chaste cares doe at a play:

3 Tis strange now, I am of neither a both your opinions, I like neither rayling nor baudry: no, giue mee a stately pend historic, as thus,

*The rugged mindes, with rude and ragged ruffes. &c.*

2 Fie vpon, more Fustian; I had rather heare two good baudries, then a whole play of such care-cat thunderclaps.

*Pro.* Alas Gentlemen, how ist possible to content you? you will haue rayling, and inuestigies, which our Author neither dares, nor

## The Isle of Gulls.

affectes : you baudy and scarrillies, which neither becomes his mōdestie to write, nor the care of a generous Auditory to heare : you must ha swelling comparissons, and bumbast Epithies, which are as fit for the body of a Comedic, as Hercules shooe for the foote of a Pygmye : yet all these we must haue, and all in one play, or tis alreadie condemn'd to ihe hell of eternall disgrace.

1 Looke toot, if there be not gall int, it shall not passe.

2 If it be not baudie, tis impossible to passe.

3 If it be both Criticall and baudy, if it be not high writer, both your Poet and the house to, loose a friend of me.

*Prol.* Nay I beseech you sir, if you be his friend, stand so to him still, for he hath too many enemies already, in whose iudgements, he and his labours stand excommunicate, as though vnworthy to present themselves in this assembly.

1 Enemies, nays foot, then theres some hope in's play, for Ennie newer workes but against desire and merit. If hee be enuied theres some worth in him, and Ile see out his play for that onely.

2 Faith and Ile see an aet or two out, but I tell you afore-hand I cannot see it our.

3 Not see it out? your reason.

1 Fore God I lay in bed till past three a clock, slept out my dinner, and my stomacke will roulte to supper afore five, therefore you must pardon me.

*Prol.* Either see it all or none; for tis growne into a custome at playes, if any one rise (especially of any fashionable sort) about what serious busines souer, therest thinking it in dislike of the play, tho he never thinks it, cry mew, by Iesusvilde; and leaue the poore hart less children to speake their Epilogue to the empie seates.

3 Why doost think thy audience like a flock of sheepe, that one cannot leape ouer a hedge, but all therest will follow, they ha more of reason in them then so.

2 Well, Ile sit out the play, and be but to auoyd that sheepish imputacion, but see it be baudy, or by this light I and all my friends will

*Prol.* You should not deale gentleman-like with vs els.

*Prologue.*

The miserie that waites vpon the pen  
Of the best Writers, judge it gentlemen,  
Let them expresse the very soule of wit,

# The ffe of Gulls.

And want Opinions voice to countnance it,  
Tis like the idle buzzing of a flie,

Heard, not regarded: wretched Poetic:

If a write mirth, tis Rybaldry, and meane,

Scorn'd of chaste eares. If he compose a Scena

Of high writ Poesie, fitting a true Stage,

Tis counted fustian: If portick rage

Strike at abuse, or ope the vaine of sinne,

He is straight inform'd against for libelling.

Neither quick mirth, inuestiue, nor high state,

Can content all: such is the boundlesse hate

Of a confused Audience: Then we

That scarcely know the rules of Poesie

Cannot scape check. Yet this our comfort is,

The wise will smile to heare th' impartiall hiss.

We neither bragge, nor tremble, faint nor intreas,

Our merrits nothing, yet our hopes are great,

Yet this our Author bad me boldly speake,

His play shall passe, let Envie swell and breake,

Detraccion he scornes, honours the best,

Tant for hate; thus low to all the rest.

Actus primi. Scena prima.

G Enter Basilius, Gymetia, Hippolita, Violenta, Lord attendans.

Basilius: Welcom gallants, welcom honord bloods; the reason that  
we haue vncloth'd vs of our princely gouernment in Arcadia, and  
haue to doe with this priuate retirement heere in this desert Ile, you  
shall find in that shedule, onely thus much for publicque satisfaction:  
Tis not strange to you, that the choicest treasure Nature indow'd vs  
with, is mynde vp in the vaines of my two daughters: howe much  
their quiet, and the smotthe stremme of our gouernment in Arcadia,  
was troubled by the impetuouse concourse of vnruyl suters, is familiar  
with your knowledge; this to auoide, I haue for my Image there in  
my absence appointed my brother, and vnderooke this priuate re-  
tirement.

Gy. Why my lord, are you so covetous of your daughters beauties,  
that their perfections shall be a meanes to hinder their preferment?

Basilius. Rather to further it faire Queene: they are the onely pearls  
of our age, and to see them well set in honourable and wel-befiting  
marriage

## The Ile of Gulls.

Marriage, is our wishes happiness.

To which effect we haue sent a generall challenge

To all the youthfull bloods of Affrica,

That whosoever (borne of princely stem)

Dares foote the bosome of this desert Ile,

(The stage where Ile performe this lowers prize)

And by his wit and active pollicie,

Wooe, win, intice, or any way defecate

Me of my charge, my daughters of their harts,

Shall with their loues weare my imperiall crowne

Wreathē of their conquest.

Hip. A prize, a prize, rare worke for Fencers.

Viol. What coward would not venter a crackt crowne for such a

Basil. To that intent our Iland is fenc't in

By sea and Land, and at each corner builte

A Castle for defence, which like great men

Do ouer-looke Archadea : ouer which,

We haue appointed Captaines. More to desire,

Is more then we are willing to discouer.

Hip. Well then sister, I see we must so hap-hazard for husbands.

Viol. God send me one with a good face and I care not.

Hip. Loue and be thy will, send mee one with a fayre table in his

forhead, like Time.

Viol. Nay, and his face be good, let mee alone to tricke his fore-

head, a country-gentlewoman taught me how : But father I wonder

how you dare vndertake such a peremptory challenge against all

cōmers, considering you haue beene so long troubled with an Ague.

Basil. An ague? what ague?

Hip. VVhy your quotidian, Damas the Court surfer, hee that

dwellis in your eye, like a disease in your blood.

Viol. And the Presence were not exceeding empty-stomackt, it  
would never digest such Almes-basket-scrapes, the very fall & gar-  
bidge of gentry ; sic vpon him, he becomes the great chamber worse  
then a Gentleman-visher with wry legges.

Hip. He is the most mishapen sute of gentility that euer the Court  
wore.

Viol. Had hee not beeue of my fathers owne making, I should  
ha condemned his taylor for an exceeding botcher.

## The ffle of Guyls.

Basil. If you retaine the loue of children, or the dutie of subiects,  
expresse it in your obedience, we know Dameray loues vs.

Viler. As Captaines and Courtiers do old widdowes, for profit  
and preffement.

Basil. In signe whereof we make him.

Hip. Nay, you haue bestowed too much of the making of him  
vp already.

Viol. The very making of him vp, has stood you in more then the  
whole our sides worth.

Basil. In my free thoughts you wrong him, therefore to expresse  
our loue, and to give the world publique noote of his loyaltie, we ac-  
ate him your Gardian.

Viol. How fafhier, my Gardian.

Basil. I mynion, yours.

Viol. Doe you heare faher, bid him bespeak Spefacles, for my  
fingers haue vowd to haue a blind match with his eyes.

Basil. Well said Haggart, Ile make your proud hart floope to the  
lure of obedience. But come, by this time our challenge is publisht,  
and our gallants wits sweating in the field of Inuencion, and it be-  
hoves vs not to rest vnexercised.

So to our lodge, in the meane time be it knownne,  
Our breah has power to raise, or cast men downne.

Enter two Captaines.

1 Cap. Now Captaine Observation, times bawde, ihou that haſt  
kept the Ages doore, whilst vp-start basenes crept into the bedde of  
greatnesse, what dooſt thou thinkē of this change?

2 Cap. That it pleaseſ the Duke, and becomes not ſabieſt to ex-  
amine his actions.

1 Cap. Thats no part of my meaning, yet would I gladly be bet-  
ter instructed why the Duke broke vp his Court in Archadea, and  
remoued it into this Iland?

2 Cap. I am not Secretarie to his thoughts, but the generall ru-  
mour is, that out of the frenesies of his ſpirit, hee hath ſent a challenge  
to all his neighbor Princes, that who ſoever (within a twelve moneth)  
can defeate him of his daughters, ſhall with theyr loues, inioy his  
dukedom, the garland propofe for the victors.

1 Cap. Your words throw ſence into mee, and thauſt the caufe the  
Iland is ſo ſurely guarded with watch-towers, ouer which our ſelves  
and

# The Isle of Gulls.

and other Capaines have the charge.

2 Cap. And to the end, that not affection, but desire may proove  
victor, are the two Ladies so narrowly obserued, the one neuer out a  
the eye of her Father, the other continually in the lodge of Dameas,  
the Dukes chiefe director.

1 Cap. It inquistueneſſe be not too bolde a gueſt, what doe you  
thinkē of Dameas.

2 Cap. As of a little hillock, made great with others ruines.

1 Cap. Your comparison holds, for by report, his awarice has vnu-  
made many to make him vp.

2 Cap. How did he ſirſt ſtumble on the Princeſſe ſavour?

1 Cap. As ſome doe vpon offices, by fortune and flatterie, or as  
truch faies, the Prince having one day lost his way, wandring in the  
woods found this Dameas, affeted his diſcourse, tooke him along  
to the Court, and like great men in loue with their owne dooings,  
conuenience his defects, gaue him offices, riles, and all the additions  
that goe to the making vp of a man worshiptull.

2 Cap. I cannot but commend the Duke for rayſing him, nor  
yet praise him, that he proportions not his carriage aunſwerable to  
his fortunes.

1 Cap. Your thoughts and mine are twynnes in that: but I heare  
the warning bell, ſome ſtrangers are arived.

2 Cap. Lets to our office then, and conduct them to Dameas,  
whofe cuſtome is to ſper & hem, whilſt his ſcribe Maior takes theyr  
Examinations.

*Enter Dameas and Manaf.*

Dame. Manaf, how dooſt like my play at Tennyſ?

Manaf. You play well Sir, but you loſe ſtill.

Dame. Pollicie Manaf, pollicie, for when any man vþbraides  
me with my gettings at Court, I may ſwear trulie I haue lost more  
then I haue got byte.

Manaf. By the Tennis court I thinkē you haue.

Dame. If by any Court, tis enough to ſave mine oath.

But what doe our ſproce-witted gallants ſay of my bouny.

Ma. Faith ſir according to the proportion of it, little or nothing,  
they ſay tis a bankrupt, and dares not ſhew his head.

Dame. Then let em leaue ieling at me, though it pleaſe the Duke  
for ſome fewe good parts that he ſees in me, to make me his familiar,

## The Fle of Gulls.

I scorne to be publique, or euery Courtiers companion: but who comes here?

Enter the two Capaines, with Aminder & Julio two Princes, arrayed one like a poore souldor, the other like a poore scholler.

The Capaines of the watch-towers? what newes with you.

I Cap. A couple of petitioners, and like your worship.

Dam. Had I best take theyr petitions Manasse?

Ma. O in any case, though you neuver peruse em, tis the onelie course in request.

Dam. Fellowes, deliver your petitiones to my scribe Maior, and doft heare, put em vp Manasse, they may be wrongs to vs.

Manas. And they be, I hope they be not the first wrongs I haue put vp for your worship.

*put vp their papers.*

I Cap. That fellowes pocket is like a Taylers hell, it easeth vp part of euery mans due: tis an Executioner, and makes away more innocent petitioners in one yere, then a red-headed hangman cuts ropes in an age.

Dam. Now, what are you sirra?

Amin. A poore soldier and like your worship.

Da. Poore souldiers doe not like my worship, they are bad members.

Manas. Then if they had a woman to their Judge, they should be sure to be cut off, for they cannot induce badde members in a Commonwealth.

Dam. What are you?

Julio. A poore scholler, and like your worship.

Dam. Poore schollers doe not like our worship neither, they raille against rich Cormoran's, they are bad members to.

Manas. Cut them off both sir, and make the land an Eunuch.

Dam. I'll take order with em I warrant thee, and I may haue my will, He ha neither poore scholler nor soldior about the Court.

I Cap. The next way to make it the Ille of foolies.

Dam. What he talkes of fooles here? why how now sir, knowe you to whom you speake?

I Cap. Cry your worship mercy, I had forgot your authoritie.

Dam. But I remember well enough I warrant you, I command you, in my name and the Dukes, to attend your gaird, and you're said ~~we~~ no more then a carelesse Lawyer doth an vndone chynt,

# The Isle of Gulls.

but Ile informe : the Duke shall know, our pack.

<sup>2</sup> Cap. Command your slues sir, we are gentlemen.

Dam. Why so l hope are wee sir, and of the best and last edition,  
of the Dukes owne making.

I Cap. Cry your authoritie mercy, will you discharge vs of these  
Dam. You are discharged, about your busines.

(passengers?

I Cap. Bad fate, that wrong should set his foote on right,

And true borne Eagles stoope to this base kyte.

Exempt.

Dam. What an excellent trade it is to be an officer maker, Ile haue  
more officers, and one shall be to keepe schollers and souldiers out  
of the Court, for they dare not come in the great Chamber alreadie,  
for want of good clothes. But gods me Manasses, goe tell the Duke  
I must i speake with him.

Amas. Presently sir, Ile go fetch the head to giue the foote a pos-  
set : and my maister had wit to his villanie, he would make an excel-  
lent dish for the hang stan.

Exit.

Amm. Right worshipfull.

Dam. I sir, I knowe my place is worshipfull, I tell thee knawe I  
could hang thee by thy parent, if it were granted once, Ile tell thee  
how it runnes, It allowes mee 24 knaves, 6 Knights, 10 fooles,-13  
fellons, and 14 traytors by the yeare, take em howe, why, whea, and  
where I please.

Julio. I doe not thinke the Duke will ever grant it.

Dam. Why not grant it? why should you thinke he wil not grant  
it. Such another word & Ile send you to Limbo-instantie.

Amis. We thankē you good Damas.

discover themselves.

Julio. I hope you take reasonable baile for our forth-comming.  
Am. The case is altered with you since you came out of Ambadea.

Dam. My honorable friends, Julio and Amis, my selfe and the  
best abilitie of my power, lies at your service.

Am. You see how confidentlie wee presume vpon your Letters  
promise, in furthering vs to attaine the louers prize.

Dam. The Dukes daughters are your owne, and in a word thus  
shall you attaine em, some 3 daies hence I will appoint a hunting, to  
which I will invite the Duke & both his daughters: in this hant will  
I vpon some suddaine occasion dewide the traine, and having singled  
out the two Does, I hope you haue wir enough to strike.

Amis. To strike, how meane you.

## The Isle of Gulls.

Damer. As headsmen doe, of with their maiden-heads, or if the Duke offer resistance, of with his crowne so.

Iulio. That were violence, & cleane opposite to the intent of the challenge.

Dam. Come ye are shal low, too't vi' er armes, too't, He be your second, thinke of the crowne, ha my Letters trauald for you, my wit wrought for you, and my invention sweat for you, to posesse you of your loues, and seate you in the Dukedom, & come you now with tis violence, and against the intent of the challenge, I am ashamed to heare you.

Iulio. Nay Damer, and your resolution be so forward, ours shall over-take you, wee doubted least the preferments your Lord hath heapt vpon you, had smotherd your affection to vs ward.

Amin. That was the father that begot the doubt in vs, you will appoint the hunt.

Dam. Seuer the Duke, devide the traine, and thern.

Iulio. Wee ha your meaning.

Dam. Put it in execution then, but first entertaine some new disguise, as at our next meeting Ile informe you. Adiew, I shall think long till I see you agen.

Exit.

Amin. As a Lawyer doth for his clianc for a second fee. Heres no Judas?

Iulio. Yes, and a damnd one to, for hee would betray and sell his Master.

Amin. Tis common in such base fellowes, such Court-spyders, that weare their webbes of flatterie in the ears of greatness, if they can once entangle them in their quaint trecherie, they poysenem straight.

Iulio. They are like vnecessary wormes, whos the son of greatness creates of the grosse and slimie multitude, as soone as they recover strength, they cate into the credite of true borne gentrie, undermine and worke out the true nobilitie, to introde & establish themselves.

Am. And in the end, like Esops Staru'd snake, having lapt the sweet milk of greatness, made themselves strong in authoritie and friendes, they turne their stings of envy into their preseruers bosome.

Iul. The example lies in this Damer, who notwithstanding the Duke hath raised him to that height that hee looks equal with him selfe, yet for the base hope of incertaine gouernment, he offers him

## The Isle of Gulls.

to falle, but let his treason lie to the last minute,<sup>1</sup>

Amin. For my part Ile make that vse of him that Phisitions do of  
poyson, vse as much of him as serues for mine honest intent, & call  
downe the rest, as vnsit for any necessary imployment.

*Lisio.* Let our carriage in this attempt put on no shew of violence  
either to the Duke, or his daughters.

Amin. And let our discourse goe so smoothly apparelled, that  
it moue not the patience of the most tender eare.

*Lisio.* About it then, though his intent be base,

Our enterprise shall weare a noble face.

*Exeke.*

*Enter Lisander like an Amazon.*

*Lisan.* Archadea, thou heauen, within whose spheare  
The starre that guides my motion is fixt,  
I court thy gracious bolome with a kisse,  
For this admittance : in thine amorous armes  
Faire *Violena*, fayrer then the flower  
That christened her, and grac't her with that name  
Doe play the wanton ?

Only her Father like a covetous Charlie,  
Owner of that vnvalewed Diamond,  
Hath made this desart Ile th'vnwalling cheft  
In which he locks her. But the fayre advantage  
Of this large challenge, and my starres to friend,  
Ayded by this disguise, I shall breake ope  
His yron Casket, and inlarge my hope.

*Enter Damas, and Manassier.*

*Mans.* This way she went sir, this way.

*Dam.* But I say this way, I would thou shouldest know, we olde  
Courtiers can hunt a Cony, and put her to the squeake, & make her  
cry out like a young married wife of the first night.

*Mans.* For more helpe, as some of them haue done,  
But there she is.

*Dam.* Ile vpon her presently, doost heare me sirra, thou vassall of  
infirmitie, woman, and by thy out-side little better then one of the  
wicked, come hether and show thy selfe before vs, show thy selfe be-  
fore *Damias*.

*Lisan.* *Damias, Lisander* then dissemble.  
For hee's the man must worke thy entrance.

# The ffe of Gullr.

Dam. What art thou, speake.

Lisan. My mother is the Queene of Amasons,  
My selfe a virgin, married vnto Armes  
And bold archieuments, who haue pac'd the world  
In quest of fayre Amioffe my sister:

And wrathfull Neptune cast me on this shore.  
Dame. And what's your busines now you are landed?

Lisan. My busines is priuate with the Duke.

Dam. The Duke is busie, and shall speake with nobody.

Lisan. I beseech you sir.

Dam. Tis no beseeching matter I assure you.

Mamas. No, never beseech for the matter, for except you could  
beseech with the tongue of Angels, tis to no purpose with him.

Lisan. Tis strange, I haue heard thy maister is a very good man  
where he takes.

Mamas. True, where he takes he is, but he takes nothing of you,  
and therefore locke for no kindnesse from him.

Lisan. Good, and doost thou take after thy maister?

Ma. No madam, I take commonly afore my maister, for where  
he takes, he takes all, and leaues nothing for me to take.

Lisan. Oh, I feele your meaning.

Ma. Let my Maister haue some feeling of yours, and heele pre-  
fer your sute.

Lisa. Tis not the Dukes pleasure Peticioners should buy theyr  
accesse.

Ma. Alasone, tis my maisters pleasure, and vsuall fashion.

Lisan. And I must maintaine the fashion. Worshippfull Damas,  
my late shipwrack as you see, hath made a defeate both of my friends  
and treasure, notwithstanding, Fortune hath reseru'd me one Lewell,  
which if I might request your worshippe in loue to accept, and be a  
meanes to worke my admittance to the Duke, I shou'd become a  
true detter to your loue.

Dam. VVell Madam, tho I hate nothing more then a man that  
takes brybes, yet prest by your imporunitie, and that you render it  
in loue, least I might seeme too nice to withstand a Ladies fauour. Ile  
weare it for your sake, and if the Duke be not too busily employd,  
worke your accesse.

## The Isle of Gulls.

Lisan. So dooing, you shall performe the office of a dere-bought friend.

Exit Dametas.

Manas. How quickly the tyde's turnde, but doe you heare Madam, tho I take neither afore nor after my Maister, yet take my counsell, & doe not trust my maister: If you haue a fale to the Duke keape it to your selfe, for if you trust my maister with it, heele prefer it for you, but heele begd for himselfe.

Lisan. Thats plaine coofnage.

Ma. Fie no, tis cunning in him, marry twould bee though little better then coofnage in a country gentleman: but he returnes.

Enter Dametas agen.

Dam. Madam, I haue beene earnest, very earnest with the Duke for your admittance.

Lisan. And haue you wrought it?

Dam. I haue, marry you must chioke I bestowd much labor int.

Lisan. T may be you did.

Da. T may be you did: & looke a seance like a Pohecaries wife Pounding *Collyrium* haue my braines sweat for this.

Lisan. VVhy the Lewell is right Dametas, had I but an Alle that woldst wear me such pearle.

Dame. An Alle? and sweat such pearle, Ile bar her admittance, heere take your Lewell, the Duke will allow no admittance, & I will keepe you backe.

Lisan. Keepe mee backe, thou couldst doe no more and I were a poore mans peticioner.

Dame. And Ile doe so much beeing a rich peticioner.

Lisan. You cannot sir. You Courte spaniell, you unneccesarie sau hump, that in one night art sprung out of the roote of giearnes, I haue bought thy admittance, and Ile haue in *dspento de/fate*.

Da. I must admit her, these Ladies are so inward with our tricks, theres no good to be done vpon them: well Madam, your admittance is open, will ye follow.

Lisan. With all my hart sir, Ile be the blind man and poore peticioner, and thou shalt play the Court spaniell with the silver bell, & lead me into the Presence.

Dam. Court spaniell? mam: Ile besome what I thinke,

Exeunt.

Fins Actus primus.

# The Play of Gull's.

Enter Demerit a Prince, arrayed like a mod-man,  
with him his Page.

Deme. Boy, how doest like me in this attire?

Page. As the audience doe a bad play, scuruchly.

Deme. Is it nor strange a prince should be thus metamorphosed?

Page Not so strange as the metamorphosis of *Niax* and like your

Deme. Grace you Aggot: hast not forgot that ye? {grace

Page No, and yet is a wonder I ha not, grace beeing so sildome

vise, I messe they say none at some Ordinaries, for at sitting down  
they cannot intend it for hunger, and at rising vp, they are either  
druake, or haue such mind a dice, they never remember, my Lord

then.

Deme. No more Lord, sirra.

Page Indeede therre are many already, but is not this strange, that  
rich men should forsake their ricles; maister then.

Deme. Your will sir.

Page You haue left many Countries behind you in seeking your  
friend *Lisander*, and yet you cannot find him. Deme. True sir.

Page I ha seene much golde lying vpon Lombards stalls, and  
could never finger penny of it. Deme. Very well.

Page Nay, twas not well sir.

Deme. What conclude you then?

Page That you were best sit downe, and see what you ha gone by  
your journey.

Dam. I haue seene a face as beautifull as heauen.

Page Thats nothing, a prisoner sees the face of heauen it selfe,  
when hee lookest but out at the prison-gate, He standore, a man  
were as good be hangd, so a meet a handiome hangman, & a strong  
rope, as be in loue. Deme. Your reason for that.

Page Mary this sir, hanging is end of all troubles, & loue the be-  
gining. Nay further, I think a Lord cannot be sau'd, for bee is of all

Deme. Your proofoe for that.

Page This; hee thinks with the Atheist therres no GOD but his  
Mistris, with the Infidel no heauen but her smiles, with the Papist no  
purgatory but her frownes, & with the familie of loue, hold it law-  
full to lie with her, though she be another mans wife.

Deme. So sir, what followes?

Page Servingmen sir, the Maister goes in before his wife, & the  
servingman followes his maister.

## The Isle of Gull.

Dem. Syra forbear, I must mediate. Page As the Visiter before he parts with money, meditate upon the assurance.

Lis. Enter Lisander privately, and ever-bearers them.  
Lis. If Viskindes presence ha not quench'd  
The memory of all things but herselfe, or ha  
I should be more familiar with that face.

Dem. I haue left my country to seek out my friend.

Lis. And I my country and my friend for loue.

Dem. And in the search of him haue lost my selfe

In the strange Region of a woman's eye.

Lis. Halde, and in Archatka.

Dem. As much as heaven transcends the humble earth,  
So towers her praise, her face differs as farre

From others, as a glo-worme from a flare.

She is a peyncester that my soule affec<sup>t</sup>h. Page And rich.

Dem. Halfe heyre unto this Dukedom.

Page And shee were whole heyre to the soure morall Vertues,  
There nothing: when shall I see the time that men will loue for ver-  
tue, or a rich heyre marry a poore wench without a portion, newer I  
think.

Dem. Had not my friend Lisander. Lis. What of me?

Dem. Left me in Thrace.

Lis. We had neuer met in loue,

His sillables betray him. I arrest you.

Dem. At whose suit. Page Not at his Taylers in any case, for theres no greater slych to  
a younger brothers conscience, then to pay for a suite of apparel  
when his worne out.

Dem. Lisander or his ghost.

Lis. Demetrius, Or some illusorie tenant in his shape.

Dem. Viskind, why didst thou leave my company?

Lis. For that which made the amorous Gods leave heaven,  
For loue: but why is Demetrius thus disguised?

Page For that which would make a lackanapes a Mokey, and he  
could get it at ayre. Dem. Peacerogue.

Lis. Why wagge, is thy maister in loue?

Page Faith sir he bath encreed his action in Cupid's count, & meanes

# The He of Gifford

to proceede in the fute it shold seeme.

*Deme:* Why didst not take my counsell in thy choise?

*Lifan:* Because I feard a chiding, for doubting thine honourable thoughts would not haue consented to my effeminate attempts, I stole this secret course, and manner of disguise, p'sefte helping to accuse, which it hath begot, now what accessse will bring forth, I comitt to unborne Industry.

*Deme:* It cannot but be prosperous; onely the strict obseruance of our loues, hinders the passinge of our hopes.

*Lifan:* Indeed that's not the least hinderance; yet the Duke him selfe, and my quaint disguise hath remoued it out of my way, who not onely takes mee for a woman, but shach allow dacees for my loues companion.

*Deme:* Fortune deales kindly with thee, I am as faire from accessse to my loue, as when I was in Thrace.

*Lifan:* Dameras is the oyster shell that holdes thy pearle, our wifes must fish for him.

*Deme:* VVill the Gods head byse?

*Lifan:* Like an old Vsurra a young heyres inheritance, and I have ready hookt for him; and heere he comes, my plotis to preferre hée to his seruice.

*Enter Dameras.*

*Deme:* Prethe doe, and I'll serue him in his right kind.

*Lifan:* Dameras, my loue is yours.

*Deme:* VVhich madam I am as proud of

*Mans.* As a malecontent of a shange, or an old Lady of a new fa-

*shione.*

*Li:* To be roud I haue a fute to you in the behalfe of this woodman.

*Da:* To me sweet blossom, tho I be somewhat stri& in mine office,

I cannot be stony to Ladies. Fellow is thy petition drawne?

*Deme:* Petition.

*Mans.* Your onely way to mebow a stately. Hurnbly to complaying to your good worship. O i am most pathetick, and indeed without money, can doe iust nothing with authority.

*Deme:* Come hither striping whose sonnes is ethou?

*Deme:* I am not so wise a child as you take me for, I neuer knewe my father.

*Deme:* Didst not know thy father? and haue an idde

*Mans.*

# The Isle of Gauls.

Mane. A common fault, his betters forget them selues whē they  
grow rich; then blisse not him to forget his father.

Dam: VVhat was his name?

Dem: If I may giue credite to my mother, they calld him Maister,  
who on his death-bed made mee his beyre, with this charge, to  
seeke your worships felice, & gaue me this gold as a remembraunce  
to purchase your faubour.

Dam: Gold him.

Dem: Now doth my Maister long more to finger that gold, then  
a young girl married to an old man, doth it ruine her husband?

Dam: Well, I could doe for this fathelesse youth,

Ma: As many Executors and Officers haue doone, cheate him  
of his position, and then turne him out of doores a beggire.

Dem: But for I haue the gardianship of the Prince, I dare doe  
nothing without his consent of the Duke.

Lis: Come come sir, your worship shall not refuse him.

Dam: Well then I wo: not, but this for your sake I assure you,

Man: Meaning the gold.

Dem: What shall I call thy name?

Dam: Dorus, and like your worshop.

Da. Ah, good Dorus, be an honest youth Dorus, reverence your  
Maister, and lose your selfe: be sure to get under me, and you shall  
loose nothing in my service. Madam, the Duke and Dutches expect  
you at the hunte, & await your coming at Dianas oake.

No: Lis: He attend them presently, be a good seruaunt Dorus.

Dam: T will be his owne agother day Madam.

Dam: My seruice doth attend you,

Da. As the Pursuant doth the prisoner for a double fee. Exit.

Dem: Welcome slau to a slau, a sayre presage,

The hope of loue sweetens loues vassalage. Exit.

Enter Aminta and Julio, asyred like Sayres.

Am: Now & Dametas be the mettle he was stampit for, a right  
villaine.

Julio And he be not, hang him.

Am: Nay he deserves hanging to if he bee; but wil you trust him?  
Jul. Yes as farre as I see him, and hee that trusts him further, my  
trust

# The Fle of Gulls.

most is he will be deceived.

*Amis:* Indeede, he that will proue false to his maker, wil beeue

to no man.

*Int.* Yes for the present time, like a bawde to him that giues most.  
*Sylvie:* That is not for loue.

*Sylvie:* Yet of the mony: he that looks for other loue in this age,  
This is the place his Letter speakes of, and here he comes himselfe.

*Enter Dameas like a Huntsman.*

*Dameas:* Why so lo: now is the web of my hopes vpon the loome  
of perfection, and in this quench of flashes *Amis* and *Sylvie*,  
See and see not, all mum, you know your que,  
The games your owne, if you can hunt it true.

*Enter the Duke Basilius.*

*Basilius:* Dameas, were thine cares ever at a more musicall banquet?  
how the hounds mouthes like bells are tuned one vnder another like  
a slothfulness, the speed of the cry out ran my sense of hearing.

*Dameas:* Crossie ouer the Forrest to Diana's oake my lidge, & there  
your grace advantage by the height of the ground, shall not enclie  
nt pleasure hear, but be eye-witnes of their musicall contention.

*Bas.* Thanks good Dameas, be thy directions our wifes convoy.

*Enter Gynevia, Violena, and Hippolina.*

*Gyn.* Where is this highnes Dameas?

*Dameas:* At Adonis bower Madam, where he exprest your presence  
to see the fleshing of a couple of Spartane hounds, in the wasting  
blood of the spent Deare.

*Gyne.* Hankes good Dameas, mine eyes would not be good  
friends with my feete, shold they not bring em to that kingly sport.

*Dameas:* Sweet Ladies, to saue you the expence of much breath,  
which must be laid out in the purchase of the game, I haue provided  
you this stand, from whence your eyes may be commauders of the  
sport: such sport as you little dreame of.

*Ciole:* We are your loues deters kind Dameas,

As I loue vertue I pittie these poore beastes,

These Sylvane comoners, to see what taskes

Our covetous Forresters impose vpon them,

Who not content with impost of their breath,  
(Poore harts,) pursue them smilng to their death.

*Dameas:* Twas the end of their creation Madam.

## The Isle of Gulls.

Hip. So was the end of ours to live in peace,  
And not to grauaise on harmelesse beastes,  
But Forrellers, like Images set forth,  
The tyrannie of greatness without pitie,  
As they the Deare, so covetous wealth pursues

The trembling state of their inferioris,  
And to claspe vp the volume of their sinnes,  
They drinke their blood, and clothe them with their skinnes,  
Then cease to presse poore beastes with tyrannie,  
You loue your liues, thinke they are loath to die.

Dam: You are too tender-harted to be a good huntswoman lady.  
Viol. And some of you too hard-harted, but leauing this discourse  
of hunting, haue all our gallantry of Lacedemon and Greece, spent  
the vigor of their wits, that not one dares venture.

Hip. For our loues siffer, you may see the properer women, che  
worse lucke.

Dam: Tush you shall haue sukers, scarce not madam.

Hip. No at any hand siffer, for with a scare it comes.

Viol. Then Ile feare of purpose,because I would haue em come,

Dam. And they doe not, they are notable cowards.

Hip. Then let em keepe away still, for I haue vowed my maiden-

head shall never doe howteage to the bed of a coward.

Dame: Sweet Ladies, will you beguile a minute or two with this

discourse, till I step vp to the top of the hill, and make discouerie of

(the game,

Viol: Let your returne be speedy good Dame.

Exit.

Dam: Ile put on wings and flie.

Viol: Out of the Court, and the whole Country shall have a good

riddance.

Amin: So, hee hath put em faire to the stand, lets issue and surprise

Julio: Be resolute and sudaine.

Aminner and Julio, issue out and haue them angry.

Viol: Murther, treason, reskue, helpe.

Enter first Dameas, and then the Duke.

Dam: Yes much reskewe, much helpe, much Dameas: why so,  
this iest was drawn home close to the head, it cannot chuse but cleave  
the very white of our hopes, the Dukes wit: to thy tackle good wit,  
some suddaine sea roome, or our Stratagem is run a ground.  
Basil. Tell me Dameas, was not the Deare a prodigall, did he not

# The File of Gulls.

spend his breath freely amongst us? *Ambo no hōzō shinmei*.  
*Dam.* And his blood too my liege, but did you observe how the  
hounds like politicians nosed out the game?  
*Ba.* True: & comming to the hōse *Melampus*, but where are our  
daughters?

*Da.* Did you observe that my liege, that *Melampus* as a true hound  
is ever horse cheerd or hollow, yet he kept me to. *Tyndale's Caliban*  
*Ba.* Certaine *Dame*, but where are our daughters man? *Caliban*  
*Da.* Busily Lord under a brake bush, disputing of the vertue of

Sweet water, and ground juice.

*By whom, by whom, whereto, wherefore, before whom, with whom*

B2. VVhat city of treasons hat Dameras? *London, betham, 1603*

Pray God no danger sets vpon my daughters,

Seeke out our wife, Ile haft vno their reske.

*Da.* And my sworde un-employ'd? allegiance sayes nay so that  
my Liege, I am for the aduenture my selfe, if they bee surprised (I am  
a mad man) your gracie shall heare more; if not (I haue more for-  
rie) your grace shall heare more to : make peace with your thoughts  
till my returne, and doubt not their recovery.

*Enter the Dutchers with her dangerous, Demerino, and  
Lisander, who*

Gym. Speak, where's the Duke? *He* mor'd by *him* in hand  
Bast. Here my *Genilia*.

**What mean these weapons, are our daughters safe?**

... as a tongue in a summer's bower, we thank our Redemers.

Hyp. Yes sayth Dameas.  
Dr. And how sweet Ladies, and how were you reskewd?

*Gyne.* Being surprised, this gallant Amazon  
Prefers their respite had won from the morn

She and this woodman spent in our defence;

Wonder would ha bereft you of all sense,  
She raisde her sword with such a manly grace

*As had not her mild sex controuled my thoughts,  
I could have fallen in love with him.*

I could have made with her high worth.

But the weak spirits of our opposites,  
Gain lustre to the dimness of our work.

## The Isle of Guill's.

Basil. It please your modesty to lesson it,  
But it shall still live great in our regard. What woodmans that?

Dame. My follower my Liege.

Basil. VVhat er he be, he hath deseru'd our loue,

Fellow be neere vs, and for this desert,

Perform and against those Traytors to our blood,  
Under thy maister we giue thee an attendant,

To garde the life and safetie of our daughter.

Hip. Thank you good father, who euer loose by the bargaine, I  
hagot me a seruante by the match: wot serve me fellow?

Deme. In the best I can,

In hart your fellow, though in shew your man.

Hip. Ile try your dutious service: I command,

Your knee to kisse the ground, your lip my hand.

Deme. Pardon me Madam:

Hippol. Heeres hole loue no doubt,

I may command my man, and goe without:

Basil. Truce to this ayrie warre, these paper bulletts

Better become a Clostethen a Parkes,

The Forrest musick is to heare the hounds

Rend the thin ayre, and with a lustie cry

A wake the drowsie Eccho, and confound

Their perfect language in a mingled sound,

Then to the Court, our Forrest sport beeing done,

A second chace of loselier sport's begunne.

Deme. If fortune crosse not what our hopes pursue,

Our feares haue met theyr deaths, our loues theyr due.

Exit.

Dame. Croft in my hoper, the Ladies reskewd, and the Princes  
like crauens beat out of the game-place, my intention must turne  
trauler for more stratagems: what & I should discouer their plot  
to the Duke, attrach eat for traytors, and begge their lands for my la-  
bour, though they be my friends, were a pretty parcell of policie.  
All things are lawfull that doe profit bring,  
A wise-mans bow goes with a two-fold string.

Enter Lysander, and Demetrius.

Lysan. Did ever two princes meete such strange changes in their  
loues? now we haue wrought our admittance, and in a manner got

# The Fle of Gulls.

can into our possessions, our hopes like false fires hauing blisshes  
within them, vanishe, and leue us out of all comfort.

Denz. That the dake shold doare vpon huse for a woman, makes  
for our purpose, but that the dake huse shold be commande on the  
for a man, is prepostrous.

Lisan. VVhether my valer shouerte in the reske of the Ladyes, or  
the ardeate glances her daughter's beauty steales from mine eyes, giue  
her thoughts incouragement, I know not; but her hope stand confi-  
dent I am a man, & for that cause am I bard frenz accessie.

Denz. I way thy combastes by mincowne, for tho by the Dukes  
allowance I am her privalaged attendant, yet such is his deuillishnes  
of Damas, that I cannot joy so much accesse as to confer with her.

Page. I can compare my lord and his friend to nothing in the world  
so firy as to a couple of water buckets, for whilſt hope winds the one  
up, dispaire plunges the other downe, whilſt I like a Haslakene in an  
Italian comedy, fland making faces at both their follies.

Lisan. VVell, since the shape of our proceeding growes so mon-  
strous, lets cast our inventions in a new mold, and having so firme a  
foundation as this disguife to build vpon, lets draw the modell, and  
raise the whole frame of our attempts anew.

Denz. Indeede, louers should be conditioned like tyrants, who ha-  
ving the ayne of a crowne in their eye once, runne violently ouer all  
lets that intervent their course, and so must we.

Lisan. And so will wee, my resolutions already bent, & if I shooſe  
not, the next leuell I take, Loue I beseech thee break thy bow about  
mine ears, and strike the hornes in my forehead, for married men to  
hang their capson.

Denz. I haue met a meaneſſ fit for my purpose already: *Mopsa*  
faine extreme ardor of affection, and make her the shadowe under  
which Ile court the true ſubflance of my devine Hippokta.

Lisan. About iſ them, Ile ſweat my inuentioſ to death but Ile oſ-  
uertake thee; but heere comes one of my Burres, I must bear his  
importunitie, for no reasonable deniali will brush him of.

Enter the Duke.

Baſt. Zelmaſe.

Lisan. My Liedge.

Baſt. My thoughts come like a ſaile afore the wind, ſwoyne big  
with newes, and thare comes the midwife muſt deliuer me of this bur-  
then,

# The Isle of Gulls.

then, my Dutches is sick, hart sick for thee *Zelma*.

*Lisan*. For mee, why say Lord, I am no *Rosalis*, nor *Agnamis* to recover sickle folkes.

*Baf*. Shall I be short with thee? My Ladie's in loue with thee.

*Lisan*. With me my Lord.

*Baf*. With thee my Lady: her amorous glances are her accusers, her very lookes write Sonnets in thy commendations, shee carues thee at boord, and cannot sleepe for dreading on thee in bedde, shee's turnd sunne-riser, haunts private walkes, & like a disgrafft Courtier, studies the Art of melancholy.

*Baf*. Nay never pity her, she deserves none, rather lets bend our indeuors to intangle her more. To see the kindeas of Fortune who fearing we should be acquainted with sollitude in this our 12 month retirement, hath begot a domesticall merriment, and made our owne thoughts actors int, and as bad a Poet as I am, Ile ha one scene int of mine owne inuention.

*Lisan*. Dameris will storme at that, for he cannot indure Poetrie should be countenant: but how ist my Liege?

*Baf*. Tis ready plotted already, and that the Dutches may not find thee unprovided when she comes to court thes

*Lisan*. Court me, court a woman my Liege.

*Baf*. VVhy that's the very happinellc of the iest, but in any case confess thy selfe a man.

*Lisan*. A man my liege, I ha no colour fort.

*Baf*. Tush Ile furnish thee, say thou art some Prince, no matter who, & haft to do with this disguise of purpose to court my daugh-

*Li*. Is this scene of your owne inventing, my liege? *(sic Violera,*

*Ba*. Mine owne y faith, and to confirme the rather, vse more oft & priuate conference with my daughter, interchange discourse & amorous dalliance, oh twill set my Dutches affections a fire, to thinke her riuald by her daughter, and giue vs smooth passage to our loue.

*Li*. How occasion plaies the wanton with me. Well my liege, do but you woul: e my admittance to your daughter, & Ile bestow al the art I am woorth in courting her, and see, as if Fortune had a hand in our Comedy, she hath entred the Dutches iust at her que, shadowe your selfe in your Arke, & leaue me to give her entertainement.

*Baf*. Forget not to personate some Prince in any case.

*Lisan*. Ile warrant you, Ile play the Prince with much art.

## The Fle of Gulls.

Enter the Dutches.

Dutches. This way he went, on this sweet violet bed,  
Still dwells the print of his enamoured tread,  
The deprest flowers haue strengthened their sweete  
By stealing amorous kissses from his feete.

Basil. Absolute Poet, *Penelope* was a ballet-maker to her.

Dut. Oh do not flie my presence, gentle wanton stay,  
What haue I found you, faith you run-away  
Ile tye a chaine about your wast for this,  
And make you buy your freedome with a kisse.

Lis. Fie madam, this curtesie is more then needes.

Dut. Be not so coy, let not a lousing Dame  
Find thee lesse kind then sencelesse elements,  
Thou never walkst, but the enamourd ayre

Like an officious louer beares thy traine,  
Whilst the coole wind doth with his velvet wing

Fanne the thinne ayre vpon thy sweete cheekes,  
Stealing sweet kisses from thy silken lip.

Lisan. Shield this vaine breath, beate at some ladies care.

Dut. But you are none, you are not, come you are not,  
Your valor, lookes, and gesture shew you are not,

Your manly brow, and your commanding ey'e,  
Where war and fortunc dwell in maiestie,

Your priuate walkes, and varied passions,  
Your glances to my daughter, sare you are not,

And my firme loue is confident you are not.

Ba. There's a louer of a right temper, sheeke our face like  
name-of her sexe instantly.

Lis. Well madame, sith your obseruation hath discouerd mee, vpon  
promise of your secrecie I confess me selfe a man.

Ba. Good, excellent, how traly she takes my dire stion.

Dut. I knew my iudgement could neuer be deceiued,  
Nor durst proud loue haue done me so much wrong,  
To cast my thoughts vnto a womans ey'e.

Ba. Loue durst not, good, good, excellent, what next?

Lisan. But madam, now I am knowne to you, what further request,  
Dut. Exchange of lookes, and freedome of thy bed,  
Thy presence, thy embracement, thy kind loue,

## *The Isle of Gull.*

For which stoy amorous thoughts haue long lime sickē.

*Basil.* Thanke you good wife, say & a Dutches long to give her husbands the horning, let it never greeue butchers to doe homage at Cuckolds hauen.

*Lisan.* Well madam, to give content to your affections, and in a strong hope you will credite my sute to your daughter, sort out but fit time and opportunity, and trauster your desires.

*Bess.* And he were a man now I might be rarely tupt.

*Dus.* Give me thy hand then, with this amorous kisse I scale thee mine. *Lis.* And I confirme with this.

*Basil.* Rare, rare, rare, she's his scald and deliuerd in the presence of D. Now least my husband should suspect our loue, (her husband.

*Ba.* Now, what shadow for that now.

*Du.* Hear a good iest, perswade him th'art a woman.

*Lis.* Thats not to doe now madam, for he as confidently believes and ardently courts me for a woman, as you for a man.

*Du.* Good, excellent, maintaine that humor still,

Seeme coy, looke nice, and as we wemen vse,  
Be mild and proud, imbrace, and yet refuse.

*Basil.* Excellent vertues in a woman.

*Du.* I prethe doe, twill be a scene of mirth  
For me to quore his passions and his smiles,

His amorous hauior, and how his eye

Will beget strange varietie of lookes,

And shooe em into thine, but the cheefe sports this  
To see an old man with a young man kisse. *Exit Dus.*

*Basil.* To see an old Dutcher a young Lady kisse.

Now the plot packes the scenes all comicall,  
I cannot speake for laughter, to see these women

That would be counted wonders for their wit,  
Lay plots to gull themselves, silly conceit,

*Lis.* To take me for a man.

*Basil.* And arme herselfe

To laugh at me, make iests and scoffes at me,  
But sooth her humor, the revenge sheede throw

Vpon my head, shall fall on her owne brow. *Exit.*

*Lis.* Vpon you both, so, so, so, how greedily their inuentions like  
bugles followes the sent of their own gallery, yet these are no sooles,

## The Yle of Gulls.

God forbid, not they: but to the drift, smirch in my warme blood sin,  
laughing at this diuisyon of theyr wits.

Enter *Violena* and *Hippolina*.

*Hip.* Wot te beleue me syster, I never eat a cherry, but it puts me  
in mind of a husband, it killes my lippes with such a harmlesse pret-  
tines.

*Cit.* Now in good dede lo I loue em a life to, I shooke I shall ne-  
uer ha my belly full on em.

*Hip.* Of what, not of husbands *Violena*.

*Viol.* No, of cherries *Hippolina*, but take heede of em, they be a verie  
filling meat, and dangerous things for vs maides I can tell you, wee  
may surfe after em presently.

*Hip.* Surfe after what, a husband?

*Viol.* I and after cherries to *Hippolina*.

*Hip.* I warrant you sister, an old lady in Lacedemon caught mee a  
preseruatiue against that. *Viol.* For the loue of cherries what,

*Hip.* Marry this it was, stil sayd she, betwixt euery cherry said shee,  
be sure to cracke a stone said shee.

*Viol.* Then let me alone, Ile cracke a couple a stones betwixt cue-  
rie cherry, rather then surfe on em.

*Hip.* You must take heede you cracke not too many to, for you  
may surfe of the stome as well as of the cherry.

*Viol.* Nay & they be such dangerous things, I haue done with em.

*Hip.* So haue I to for this time, but syster, is it not a strange kind of  
seruile libertie that we live in heere in Archadea?

*Cit.* For all the world as Englishmen keepe their fellons, & Itali-  
ans their wiues, we never stirre abroad without our Taylors.

*Hip.* And for what cause forsooth, onely to keep vs fro mariages,  
dide that our father debars vs of it.

*Hip.* By this stome me thinks I long like a woman with child, till

*Viol.* Well, god a mercy of all cursen soules, I was neare the  
knowledge ent last night I can tell you.

*Hip.* O that I had beeene with thee I might ha beeene so to: for  
loue of marriage how?

*Viol.* VVhy thus: as I lay slombering in my bed,  
No creature with me but my maydenhead.

## *The Me of Gulls.*

Hip. Is that a creature?

Viol. Some maintaine it is,

Got in the eye, conceiued in a kisse:  
Others whose speech seeme neere akin to truth  
Say tis a passion, bred ith heate of youth,  
Some callt a sigh, and some an amorous groane,  
All differ in the definition.

But in the allowed opinion of most,  
Tis never truly had till it be lost.

But lying thus alone, as maydes doe vse,  
Met thought I dreampt, as maydes can hardly chuse,  
And in my dreame methought twas too much wrong  
A prettie maid should lie alone so long:  
With that a gallant comes, gallants can doe  
Much with young maydes.

Hip. And with old women to.

Viol. He courted me once, and agen, and thrice,  
Tis verme to say nay, to be too nice  
Agrees not with my humor, yet some say,  
We maydes wish things, to which we aunswere nay,  
Breesely methought he stod so long a wooring,  
I rather could a wist he had beene dooing  
Some other busines, yet at last we gred,  
Twere strange if earnest suters should not speede.

Hip. In what agreed you?

Viol. In our wedding ring,

Time, place, and howre, indecde in euerything:-  
The day appointed, and each thing in frame,  
I thought each howre an age vntill it came,  
VVell, come it is, the morning once in sight,  
I thought it tenne times longer till twas night.  
At dinner time methought I sweld with pride  
To be drunke to by name of Misris bride,  
Musick spake loude, no delicates were scant,  
Yet still methought another thing did want,  
For sure thought I, theres something in a man  
That wiues loue well, hope brides may wish it than.  
Long lookt for comes at last, to bed we goe.

# The Play of Guile.

Hip. Would I had dreampt I might ha done so to.

Viol. My bed-inate turnd, and as he wold ha spoke

I sweat with feare; and in that feare I woke,

But seeing my kind bed-fellow was gone,

Lord how it chafed me that I wakte so soone,

One remors dreaming longer, I had inde,

The difference twixt a virgin and a bride.

Hip. O wold ha vexed a saint, my blood would burne  
To be so neere, and milde so good a turne.

Viol. And so did mine to I warrant you, my iho I be but a little

pot, I shall be as loone hole as another.

Hip. You should not be my sister else.

Viol. Nor my mothers daughter neither. Hip. And in good earnest we are not fathred much amis.

Viol. Are you awild of that, and yfaith tell me, what thinke you of your servant Dorus.

Hip. As of a sweet Almond in a rugged shell, the sun in a clowde,  
or a welthy diamond in a rock, indeede cleane contrary to the world,  
he weares the worst side outward, & is much better then he seemes:  
but what thinky you of your manly Amazon.

Viol. Nay the sport is I know not what to thinke, Zelma[n]es humor  
would afford proiect for a prettie Court comedie, my father courts  
her for a woman, and as I teare shee is, my mother doates vpon her  
for a man, and as I wish he were, and that with such an ardor of af-  
fection, that I could find in my hart to turne day mother out of the  
companie, and play the louers part my selfe.

Hip. How ever man or woman, the iest holds currant in one.

Viol. I knowe not what knauish motion hath had to doe with my  
thought, but my mind tellt me that your servant Dorus & my Ama-  
zon, are other then they seeme: and heere he comes.

Enter first Lysander, then Miso, Mopsa, Demetrias.

Miso. Why how now madam, Ladies gadding, is this the obedi-  
gence of your fathers charge.

Lysan. Pardon Misris Miso, twas my dooing and the Dukes.

Miso. But the Dutches w<sup>t</sup> like neither the Dukes doings nor yours  
neither in this case I can tell you. The Duke stais your comming, &  
yet the dutches is very desirous on<sup>t</sup>, my husband is in the next Ar-  
bor to man you. For you Lady, my presence be your privilege.  
Miso should be either a hangman or a Herald, for shee never

## The He of Gulls.

comes amongst vs, but she quarters our company and armes.

De. Excellent beautie, & therefore more excellent, because situate  
in so faire a creature. Mops. You are a merry man Dorus, but all this  
cannot make me think you loue me, how say you mother doth he.

M. Mary let him chose daughter, when I was as thou art.

Hip. You were as she is, but faith madam Mopse, I perceive my ser-  
uant Dorus bears a months mind to you, be not so straight laced to  
him. Mop. Straight lac'd, god mend me I am not lac'd at all, am I

Dorus, no in sooth, I goe wide ope wensday, I never lace my selfe but  
on sondais, & that for feare I should burst with eating of plum por-  
ridge. Hip. I mean let fall some comfortable looks on your suster.  
Mop. god mend mee Ile let fall or take vp any thing I haue to doe  
him good. Hip. Why that kindly said, & Dorus your loue is verie  
ambitious, to climbe so hie as the beautifull Mopse.

Mop. O are you awid of that, wold make a horse breake his bridle  
to heare how the youth of the village will commend me, oh the pre-  
tie little pincking nyces of Mopse faies one, oh the fine flat lippes of  
Mopse faies another, and then due I bridle my head like a malt-horse  
thus, set mine armes a kembo thus, wrethe my necke and my bodie  
thus, winke with one eye thus, & spread my peacockes tayle as broad  
as the proudest minx of em all.

Hip. These extraordinary graces must not want admiration, but  
where's your mother. Mop. Speake losily in the Lobby there,  
for wakin g my Ladies foilling hound. Hip. Godisme, my mo-  
thers stealing of a nap.

Hip. Nay, she cannot be said to steale a nap, for the noise she makes  
herselfe would discouer her theft: but Dorus firb your fortunes are  
poore, you shoulde studie to enoble your deserts, and beget effectis  
worthy to court and win your Ladies acceptance.

Dem. Lasse madam, I chuse no better moderater then your selfe,  
betwixt me and my unworthy seruices, suppose your selfe tho but a  
Cuckoo compard with this sweet singing Nitengale, shoulde be fied  
to by a prince like me, I meane like me in loue, for loue in princes &  
pesants admitts cōparison: suppose Demerius shoulde id like diswise  
court you as I doe, Mopse, sigh for you, as I doe, for Mopse, kneele to  
you thus, as I doe, to Mopse, lay downe his life to you, as I doe, to  
Mopse, prefer thy good before his owne, as I protest I do, Mopse,  
suppose he shoulde show you the knowne marke of his neck, to assy-

# The Fle of Gull.

you he were *Demetrios*, as I do this to *Mopsa*, to winnes I am the son  
of *Menalchus*, could your distaine stand out like *Mopsas*?

*Hip.* What a kenes necessity sets vpon the edge of inuention, trust  
me *Mopsa* your seruant speakes wel, & if he can proue himselfe the  
man he speakes of, and thy wishes wel hope, *Demetrios*, you haue no  
reason to thinke scorne of him. *Mop.* Why what should I do ma-  
dam, my mother tells me I must not say as I think.

*Hip.* I am no counsellor, but shold *Demetrios* in like disguise court  
me, thus would I imbrace him, thus seale my affections with a kisse,  
& thus argue: think not *Demetrios* that the clouds of basenes could  
so mushe thee, but that the sun of valor shind thro them long since,  
& in regard of thy seruiciable durie in concealing, and unpreuanted  
policy in thus making known thy loue, sort but ouf opportunity, &  
in despight of all gardians strict obseruance, go where thou wilt, the  
worth of *Demetrios* shall draw *Hippolita*, this would I vow, and this  
will I performe.

*De.* And were I *Demetrios* & you *Hippolita*, I would deceiu *Dame-*  
*m*, outreach *Mijo*, forsware *Mopsa*, & forsake Archadea to share the  
fortunes of divine *Hippolita*. *Mop.* And what should I doe then?

*Dem.* I do but speake in the person of *Demetrios*, & under *Hippo-*

*lita* shadow what I intend to the rare, and never enough wondred at

*Mopsa*, the black swan of beauty, & madg-howled of admiration.

*Mop.* Do not you flout me *Dorm*, & you do not, prouide a priest  
and Ile marry you, and my father and mother shal never know on.

*De.* *Manasse* is the man. *Mop.* And Ile be the woman, who so-  
ever say nay tooe, little dreames my mother of what we haue done.

*De.* T may be she did, for she sigh'd & grond much in her sleepe.

*Mop.* Tis wel she was so quiet, for she eate pease poridge to break-  
fast, & theyle make me break wind in my sleepe like a horse, and see  
as the devil wil hate she wakes, and here comes my father, no words  
and ye loue me.

Enter *Dameras*.

*Dam.* Why god a mercy *Dorm*, this diligence becomes the ser-  
uant of *Dameras*, and Ile prefer thee fort.

*Hip.* You were worse thea the deviels, for they say hee helps his  
servants, then you may doe little & you cannot helpe yours.

*De.* Will you break yoar iests against the barres of you chamber  
windowe, & cleere the greene, the duke is comming to bowles, & I  
ould not for halfe mine office you shold be a rub in the way of his

*The Isle of Gullies.*

pacience: Daughter and wife, conduct her to the Lodge. *Exe.*  
And Dorus, make you haste about your busynesse.

Damer. I warrant you Sir: be my hopes rightly plac'd?  
You will condemne me for my too much hastle.

*Exeunt.*

I and the Princes themselves, flie from my presence, like the chirping Birdes from the sight of the Faulcon: my verie breath like a mighty wind blowes away inferiour Officers (the Court rubbish) out of my way, and giues me a smooth passage: I am the morning starre, I am seldom seene but about the rising of the Sunne; in dede I am neuer out of the Dukes eye; and heere he comes.

*Enter Duke, Dutchesse, Lysander, Viol.*

Duke. Doth our match hold.

Dutch. Yes, whose part will you take.

Duke. *Zelma.*

Duch. Soft, that match is yet to make.

Viol. Lets cast a choice, the nearest twa take one.

Lys. My choice is cast, helpe sweet occasion,

Viol. Come, heere's agood.

Lys. Well, betterd.

Duch. Best of all,

Lys. The Duke and I.

Duk. The weakest goe to the wall,

Viol. Ille lead.

Lys. Ille follow.

Viol. We haue both one mind,

Lys. In what?

Viol. In leauing the old folke behind.

Duk. Well iestred daughter, and you lead not faire,  
The hindmost hound, though old, may catch the hare.

Duch. Your last Boule come?

Viol. By the faith a me, well led,

Lys. Would I might lead you,

Viol. Whither?

Lys. To my bed,

Viol. I am sure you would noe?

Lys. By this aire I would.

Viol. I hope you would not hurt me, and you shoulde,

*E*

*Tde*

The Me of Gulta.

Lif. I'de loue you swer.

Vick Sovre, so I heard you say.

Lif. Accept it then.

Viol. Of what acquaintance pray?

Lif. Of sloes, and mine.

Duk. Daughter, your bowle winnes one.

Viol. None of my Maidenhead Father, I am gone.

The Amazon hath wonne one.

Lif. Yeeld to that.

Viol. The cast I doe.

Lif. Your selfe?

Viol. Nay scrap our that.

Dutch. Whose is it yet?

Lif. The Dukes: play smooth and fine,

The smalllest helpe that is, will make your mine.

Viol. Me yours?

Lif. Your mine, for tho the cast I loose,

I ha wonne your loue.

Viol. Much in my tother hoose.

Dutch. Come, the last marke: this cast is worth all the rest.

Viol. The leader as the follower.

Lif. Badd'e the best,

I winne her for ten crownes, and there they be.

Viol. I take your lay.

Lif. A match twixt you and me.

Dutch. Ille be your halfe.

Duk. That were vinkindly done.

Viol. Pardon me mother, Ille beare all or none.

Lif. I ha wonne you Madam.

Viol. Me?

Lif. Imcane your bet.

Viol. Then take your winnings, Ille not die in debte.

Lif. Madam beleue me, I am as I protest, a Prince, my name

Lisander.

Viol. Looke to the Dukes Randing Madam.

Dutch. So I will I warrant you, and to your falling.

Lif. Thus clouded as you see, for your loue, my soule speakes in my tongue: I appoinred this match it bowles a purpose to ac-

quaint

*The Duke of Guise.*

against you with it.

*Viol.* Barre stealing Father; yet and all his right,  
Heer's one woud steale a piece of flesh to night.

*Lif.* Deere Madam.

*Viol.* No more words, I haue perceived as much in your cheas  
you can expresse with your tongue, and as farre as my mother is ic-  
louise would giue me leaue, answered ic with kind lookes; your  
bias stands wrong mother.

*Duch.* Why? It stands towards *Zimane*.

*Viol.* Hatch it flood so long?

*Duch.* All the game thro'.

*Viol.* Then all your game's bold wrong; furnish you with necess-  
aries besyng an escape, & my wil shalbe as ready to take wings  
as yours; put in a cast now mother, or the game is gone indeede.

*Duch.* Whofe is the throw?

*Viol.* Ours, till the last bowle came.

But that hath went'em cleere, both cast and game.

*Lif.* Our winnings come, a kisse and bate the rest.

*Duch.* What doe you kisse in earnest or in iest?

*Viol.* In earnest in good truch,

*Duk.* Troth, kindly sed,

Take heed your kisse not out your maidenhead.

*Viol.* In iest!

*Duk.* In earnest.

*Viol.* Tis the fashion,

Much in request among our Nation.

*Duk.* To kisse away their maidenheads?

*Viol.* Now and then,

And being gone, to kisse it backe agen:

For lopers indenteres are nea're fairely drawnes;

Vntill the maidenhead be left in pawge,

As carrest of the match, so mothers sed,

And so will daughters do when Mamas be dead.

*Duke.* What? pawnc their maidenheads?

*Viol.* Yes, and loose'em too.

*Duch.* And youle maintaine that fashion?

*Viol.* Signeur Noe,

*Duk.* Lay by this homebred mirth, and prepare your case to  
certaine strangers.

The life of Gloucest.

Viol. Stranger? why Father, Strangers are as welcome to mee  
as mine owne Countrymen; if they bring good manners, & ciuill  
humanitie in their companie: otherwise, they are like soule wea-  
ther, come afore they be scar for.

Enter Damer<sup>t</sup>, Masses, Iulio, Amis<sup>t</sup>.

Viol. Damer<sup>t</sup>, day then we shall haue newes enough; for he  
never comes into the Presence, but he brings a whole sacke full of  
Jyes: of newes I shoud say.

Duke. Welcome Damer<sup>t</sup>: what officious fellow is that?

Dam. A pure welwiller of your Maiesties, & a follower of mine.

Viol. O tis Masses, and he could make Armes aswell as he mars

Legges, he woulde grow in great request for Heraldrie : What's

your newes?

Masses. These Lacedemonians, Subiectes to your Maiestie, ha-  
ving a Messadge to deliver to your Maiesties instruments of hea-  
ring, commonly eclips, carres.

Viol. How? Hath any one heere, clipt ears?

Masses. Swete Femenine, clip off the taile of thy discourse with  
the Siftars of attention, as I say, these Lacedemonians haue chusen  
me their tongue.

Viol. Of a long tongue thou speakest verie little.

Masses. That proues me no woman, for they speake ouer much.

Duk. What greuances opprest them? briefly speake.

Amis. Marchandise(my Ledge) through the auarice of purcha-  
sing Officers, is racket with such vnmercifull Impost, that the very

name of Traffique growes odious even to the professor.

Iulio. Townes so opprest for want of wanted and naturall li-  
berie, as that the native Inhabitants seeme Slaves, & the Forray-  
ners free Denizens.

Amis. Offices so bought and sould, that before the purchaser  
can be sayd to be placed in his Office, he is againe by his couetous  
Patrone displace<sup>t</sup>.

Iulio. Common Riots, Rapes, and wilfull Homicide in great  
mens followers, not onely, not punished, but in a manner contane-  
nauced and applauded.

Amis. I indeede since your Maiestie left the Land, the whole  
bodie of the Common-wealth ruines cleane against the byas of  
true and pristine gouernement.

Iulio. And

*The Isle of Galles.*

*Iust.* And your honorable Brother, like a Shipp loste vpon the violent billowes of this Insurrection, by vs increates your Majesties Letters of speedy reformation, for feare the whole kingdome suffer inevitable shipwracke.

*Duk.* Which after short deliberation with our Counsell, your selfe shall returke. *Dam.*, rewardeth their traüstes with 200. Crownes : in the meane time, let' em tasche the best entertainment of our Court.

Proud Rebels, they shall see that a Dukes frowne, Can at his pleasure, curne Rebellion downe ! See them rewarded.

*Auri. Marques.* see the fellowes entertainid; I must attende of the Duke.

*Mar. Boy.* see the fellowes entertainid; I must waite of my lord,

*Boy.* Fellowes, be as merrie as you may, I must follow my M.  
*Ami.* So, heere's Peticioners attendance right; good wordes and short commons: But tis not their entertainment wee come for. I made a simple shift to get entertainment into the Court,

*Juli.* Well Cupid, pray for our liues, for and we were gone, I

know not where thou wouldest haue two such statesmen againe.

*Ami.* His Common-wealth could not stand without vs; and

that his Mother knowes well enough; and he sends nobetter suc-

cess; then we had at our hunting, he loses a friend of mee.

*Juli.* T'will not sinke in my thought yet, but that olde mustie

*Slaue Danet* playde the slauw with vs.

*Ami.* Would I could prooue it once; but since we are againe admitted our Realme, shall wee be idle? somewhat weele doe, though they le giue vs but small thankes for our labour.

*Juli.* The Duke shall not say his Daughters are so ill beloved, but weele change a thrust or two with his intent for'em.

*Ami.* T'would put the poore Wenchs out of conceit with themselves, and there shold not be lesse contending for'em.

*Juli.* We are in the way to catch the old one, and then our ay me deceiuers not.

*Ami.* We are I faith: Inuenien could not weare,

A quainter webbe, Suspition to deceare.

*Exem.*

*Enter Lysander and Demetrius.*

*Demet.* Come, passe off this groueling imitation; a Louers

The Isle of Gulliver.

thoughts must be ambitious, and like the Eagle scorning the base  
ayre where Kites and Crowes lie flagging; mount the cleare skie  
of Inuention, & ouerpecial hindrances:  
The Ladys themselves are willing.

Lis. Ready to imbarke vpo the next tide of occasion whasoever.  
Dem. Let me alone to worke it then. But heere comes my

Boy.

Enter Page.

Boy. T'were more for your credite Sir, and you could say your  
man: but men & warr were worne out of fashion both in a Somer.

Lis. I am of thy beliefe in that, Boy.

Boy. Would my Lord were so te, Sir.

Dem. Suppose I were: Sir what then?

Boy. I shoulde (as many vpstartes haue done) prooue rich: for  
I beleue you would make mee your heire.

Dem. Is that part of your beliefe?

Boy. A principall peynt Sir.

Dem. Renounce it then, for I beleue you'll neuer besynd by't.

Boy. I am sure I cannot loose by't. I beleue further, that many  
Knights, and some Ladys, were neuer ref Gods making.

Lis. Of whose then, wagges?

Boy. It tell you: the Mioters quoine Gold, Gold makes He-  
ralds, Heralds make Knights, and Knights stamppe Ladies.

Dem. And what doe Ladies?

Boy. They liue not idle either; they make some Knights, and  
marre manie Gentlemen.

Lis. Ladys are good worke-women too, then?

Boy. Farre better then anie Taylor: they'lle make you an ende  
of a suite, especially a Court suite, when all the Taylors in a Countrey  
know not how to set a stich in't.

Dem. I am of the beliefe you are a Knaue, Sir.

Boy. I had no sayth, should I say you were not.

Lis. Well, what a Knaue?

Boy. In a Knaues beliefe Sir.

Dem. Because in yours?

Boy. Do you sayt, and I swerte, my Lord.

Dem. No more Boy, I am wearie of your iestes.

Boy. That confirmes'em to be good Sir.

Dem. Your reason for that, Sir?

*The Isle of Gullies.*

*Boy.* Because trauellers and louers, are seone wearie of goodness,  
*Dcm.* Goodlie ones in deed; but leaving this high-way of ci-  
cumstaunce; I sent you for *Manasse*.

*Boy.* The learned Scribe attends you.

*Enter Manasse.*

*Dcm.* Will you fall off, Sir?

*Boy.* Like an Apple at Michaelmas, without shaking. *Exit.*

*Lysa.* Welcome *Manasse*: I haue present imployment for  
thee, in which I must borrow

*Man.* Pardon me Madame, I learned of my Lord, to lende  
nothing without securtie and pawnes.

*Lysa.* Tis not monie (*Manasse*) but counsell and furtherance  
that we desire.

*Man.* Good counsell is worth good monie, Madame.

*Lysa.* Thou shalt be well considered; there's twentie Crownes  
in earnest.

*Man.* Nay Madame, this hand's like a fellow, it takes enerie  
thing in iest; if you be in earnest, let me feele it heere: So Ladies,  
now betwixt earnest and iest, if your Will be ready drawne, be-  
fore your friend deliuier'd as your deed, and put me in trust to ex-  
ecute it.

*Lysa.* Tak' i in a word this honest Shepheard, and thy Lorde,  
daughter Madamoe *Mopse*, are man and wife.

*Man.* Man, an woman perhaps; but not man and wife: for  
though most women haue a will to be Ladies, likemy Lords wifes;  
yet euerie Ladie haue not writte to be a wife, as my Lordes  
Daughter. But what good can I doe in this?

*Lysa.* Overie much; for though they be man and wife by oath  
and protestation, the chiefeft ceremonie of all; namelic Mariadge  
is yet unperformed, and hearing that you haue tane orders,

*Man.* That I haue: I haue tane order for the making away of  
a hundred Maidenheads in my time, and not so few: but I am in  
in the minde of you now, these two Beagles, *Dorme* and *Mopse*,  
haue run themselues breathlesse in the chase of loue, you would  
ha me couple'm vp in the leases of Matrimonie.

*Lysa.* You are i in the right.

*Manass.* And you in the wrong, Ile keepe your i cast, but in  
any case take backe againe your earnest: i le nor purchase my  
Lords displeasure with your gold,

*The Isle of Gules.*

*Lisan.* Thy Lord shall never know't.

*Man.* Oh sir! though my M. hath but bad eyes, he bath exceeding long eares: and though a Forrayner may play with a Citizens wooden Dagger, I would not wish any to iest with a Cutters Steel'd Sword; tis seldome drawne but it drawes blood.

*Lij.* Tush man, benot so timorous, my credit shall counteraunce thee: bee not an Asse, make vse of thy time: thy Maisters seruice is no heritage; the world knowes he gettes vnder the Duke, thou art a foole, and thou wilt loose vnder him: there's a hundred Crownes for thee; tush man, thy betters will straine curtesy with al eagence for a bribe.

*Man.* Madam, could you to euery one of these Crownes giue me a Kingdome,

*Lisan.* What then?

*Man.* I shold ha more ground then halfe the Kinges in Christendom: here's my hand, Ile do't: my M. is my M. & I loue him; but my god's my God, and I honor it: Ile do't; the time & place?

*Lisa.* Soone in the euening at *Adonis* Chapell. Art resolute?

*Ma.* As your Adamant: thinke you t'was feare made me keape out? no t'was hope of these flattering sweete lipt drabs, I feare to marrie my Ladyes daughter? no to go to bed with her neither. Why, I haue counterfaited his hand & seal. He has been content with mee, to come nearer to him, at his entertainment of the last Embassadour, when he was heat with drinking of healthes. As I led him to his Chamber, I nimde his Chayne, and drew his Purse, and next morning perswaded him he lost it in the great Chamber at the Reuels, He puts mee in trust with his whole estate: he buyes Mauers, I purchase Farmes: he buildes houses, I plucke downe Churches: he gets of the Duke, and I of the Commons: he beggers the Court, and I begger the whole Countrey.

*Lij.* These are notable knauish courses. What breeding hast had? *Man.* Verie good breeding Sir: My great Grandfather was a Rat-catcher, my Grandfier a Hangman, my Father a Promoorer, and my selfe an Informer.

*Lisa.* Thou wert a Knaue by inheritaunce.

*Man.* And by education too: but Bawdie Informations growing stale, I gaue vp my cloake to a Broker, and crept into credite for a Gowne, and of *Man* a penurious Informer, I turned Coppie

*The Isle of Gulles.*

Coppie, & became *Manasses*, a moist, precise, & illiterate expositor.

*Demer.* Were you a Reader then?

*Man.* And a Writer too Bullie: I set some of my Parishioners Wives such Copies, as their Husbands might cast their cappes at it, but could never come neare.

*Lys.* But and you vide such a high and elevate stile, your auditories low and humble understandings should never crall ouer't.

*Man.* Tush I could fashion on the bodie, of my discourse fit to the care of my auaricie: for to cast Eloquence amongst a companie of Standards, is all one as if a man shoud scatter Pearle amongst the hoggish animals eclipsed Swine: no I had paraphrastical admonitions of all sortes; Some against douteous Landlordes, and that would I i'q'ur awongst beggerlie Tennants: Some against prodigall Banqroutes: Some against the pride of the Court, and that honies the care of the Citizen: Some against the fraude of the Citie, and that's Cake and Chese to the Countrie: Some against Protestants, and that's plumpes the lasse Catholicke against Papist and Protestant, and that fattens the rancke witted Puritand, against Papist, Papist, Puritand, and Protestant; and that tickles the care of the luxurious Atheist.

*Lys.* Why you never light vpon anie Atheistes, doe you?

*Man.* Oh verie manie.

*Lisan.* In the Countrie perhaps, and the out-skirtes of the cities?

*Man.* In the verie boosome of the Citie: and by your leave, heere and there one in the Court too: But wee stirrem all; for indeed wee wandering Lightes, haue (as other tradesmen haue) Commodities of all sortes, and prises.

*Lys.* How doe they come by them?

*Man.* As manie doe by Offices, steale into them ere the Duke be aware of'em.

*Lys.* Some buy' em at Booke-sellers Stalles; but the best they bespeake of Poets.

*Lys.* Mee thinkes Poets of all men, shoud not edifie, they are so eniuious.

*Man.* One to another, to nobodie else: a proud Poet is for all the world like a Punce in request, couetous of manie Clientes, when she hath more thane, she can handsonely play off: You

*The Ile of Gullies.*

shall haue some Poet (*Apollos Vicar*, especially) write you a comicall, Pastorall, Tragicall, Muscall historie in prose, will make the auditors eyes runne a water like so many waterspours: I had one of them my selfe, and your ears be in case, Ile giue you a taste on't; his argument was set out of the Poem called, *The lost Sheepe*: and thus it is.

*Lys.* Prethee be briefe?

*Man.* Nay peace, and it were in place where you might wake, the best men in the parish, fur commonlie they sleepe the begining, because they loue not devision; but to the lost Sheepe Beloud, you must imagine this Sheepe was a Sheepe, a lost Sheepe; a Sheepe out a the way: but my deare flocke and louing Sheepe, whom like a carefull Shepheard, I haue gathered togeather with the whistle or pipe, as it were of mine eloquence, into this fold of peacefull Communite; Do not you stray, doe not you flic out, doe not you wander, doe not you loose your selues; but like kinde Sheepe, and valiant Rams: I speake to you the better part and head of my flocke. As I say, you shall see the valiant Ramses turne all their hornes together, and appose themselves against the Woolfe, the hungrie Woolfe, the gredie Woolfe, the Lams-de-yowring Woolfe, the Woolfe of all Woolfes, to defende their Eawes and young ones. Durst you lay all your heades together, and with the hornes of your Manhood defende your familie's, your owne wiues, and your neighbours children; Was not this singing geere?

*Lys.* A good Sheepish admonition.

*Man.* The fitter for my Audience: while you liue, haue a care to fitte your Audience.

*Lys.* Thou speak'ft like a Christian: prethee what Religion art of?

*Man.* How manie souer I make vse of, Ile answere with *Pianano* Or *Orletto* the Italian: I profess the Dukes onely.

*Demet.* What's his reason for that?

*Man.* A very sound reason: for sayes hee, I came Raw into the world, and I would not willingly go rosted out: so close vp the stomachke of your Discourse with that dry answere, and euery man about his busynesse.

*Lys.* You're be mindfull of to morrow night.

*Man.* Ag

*The life of Gulliver.*

*Man As your Lawyer of the Tearme, or yoūr Laadlord of the Quarter day.*

*Dem.* Why so : the mettle I must forge my plot on, lies a warring in the furnace of my braine; and I must fashion it Instantly, for scarce it burst the heat. Giue my conceit way, for heere comes one waſt help to proportion it.

*Exit Lisan.*

*Enter Dameras.*

*Damer.* How now *Demeritis*, what windē hath blowne vp this forme of melancholie, thy countenaunce was not wont to be thus cloudie? Whence procedes this sodaine alteration?

*Dem.* From mine owne hard fortune my Lord, that my ill-faſt natiuitie should continue thus opposite.

*Dam.* Art croſt in a ſute at Court? or what's the matter ſpeake.

*Dem.* Ile acquaint your Honor : I hope no other eare ouer-heares vs. Vnder *Dianas* Oke I founde an inscription vpon a ſtone, which told me, that wealth *Aristomene* ſometimes brought into *Archatea*, had there vnder hid a maſſie ſumme of treasure.

*Dam.* Vnder *Dianas* Oke? *Dorus* ſhall haue my daughter *Mopſa*: no more words on't, and thou loueft me *Dorus*: ſmother thy golden hōps a day or two; thou ſhalt haue *Mopſa*, but Ile haue all the Gold, then marie my daughter to ſome great man, though he be poore, tis the fashion: Ile be Noble allied whate'er it cost me : ſhalt be my Sonne in law *Dorus*: haue an eye to the Princeſſe, ſall cloſer to my daughter *Mopſa*,

Court her and ſpare not: now begins the ſport,  
Kiffe her, doe kiffe her; thou ſhalt pay ſweetly for't:

I can gull you, know what faire words can doe,  
I'me an old Knaue, and a young Courtier too.

*Exit.*

*Dem.* So, so; how violently he deuowers his bane, and steals himſelf into the order of Gullerie: mee thinkes I ſee how betwixt hope and fear he ſweates in his praſtie, and like a foolish dreamer, caſtes how to lay out his wealth before it comes in. So touch for him: Now to my Ladie Beauric his wife; and as the Diuell would ha'c, heere ſhe comes.

F.2.

*Enter*

The Isle of Gullies.

Enter Mys.

Mys. Dorus, how now Dorus? What time a day is't with you?  
Dor. What time a day so'ert be with mee, tis sleeping time  
with my Lord, I am sure of that.

Mys. Sleeping time Dorus, what doſt thou meane by that?

Dor. Nay nothing; he is troublid with a kind of maladicall  
*Insuetatio carnis.*

Mys. How, a dish of Creuices? nay and that be the wost, good  
enough; I am glad a falles to Fish, for he was giuen to Flesh a late  
too too bad.

Dor. Massē I thought as much, for I saw him go a angling.

Mys. I hold my Ladiship to some ſtruttpet.

Dor. Life, a ielosie; I thinkey you are a Witch, I was ſo indeed.

Mys. Nay I thought as much: he was wont to kiffe mee, and  
doe all kindness a man could doe, till he came to the Court; and  
nowe hee will not lie with mee foriooth: and why? tis the Court fa-  
ſhion. He will not loue mee, and why? tis the Court fa-  
ſhion. I must not come neere him at his downe lying, nor his  
vprising, &c. And this be the Court fashion, would I were an ho-  
nest woman of the Countrie againe, be Courtiers who lift. I, I,  
Dorus, I tell thee in teares, hee hath not done by mee, as a Huf-  
band ſhould doe.

Dor. Tis notaing to mee, I cannot do withall Madam, would  
I could.

Mys. Yes marie mayſt thou Dorus; thou mayſt, and ſhalt doe  
withal too and thou wilt: but as thou lookeſt to enjoy my daugh-  
ter Moyſa, acquaint mee with the olde Foxes ſtarting hole.

Dor. That's paſt my cunning: the olde Foxe has more holes  
then one, to hide's head in: But not to goe long about the buſh  
with you.

Mys. No good Dorus, I do not loue a man ſhould go long about  
my buſh: What is ſhee for a woman?

Dor. I know not what ſhee is for a woman; marie I feare ſhee's  
little better then a Whore for your Husband: barke in your care;  
ſhee's Manafes wife.

Mys. Manafes wife? marie ſire Maifer gunner; a Paritane  
turnd Puncke: Gods my precious. Ile ſlit her noſe, as I am a  
Ladie will I; is ſhee the partie you wor on?

Dor. Yes

*The Isle of Gullies.*

*Dor.* Yes sayth Madam, shee is the Mare the man rid on.

*Mys.* Ile spoile their sport, saddle my Mule there, haue an eie to the princes, shalt ha my daughter and be but to spit him withall, faith Fox ile haya you out of your hole, or ile fire you out,

*Dor.* Nay that will doe no good, but for your owae good Maidam, take heed you doe not scold.

*Mys.* Why may not a Lady scold *Dorus*? NOV 1610

*Dor.* Scold, O in no case, twill marre a Ladies beautie cleane, and make her looke as hard tauoured ar any ordinary woman.

*Mys.* God amercie for that *Dorus*, Ile not looie my beautie for twentie on' em, saddle my Mule, bring me my chopping kniife, Ile geld the lecherous Goat, and mince his Fulle, as small as herbs to the pot. This is not scolding *Dorus*, is it,

*Dor.* No this is tollerable.

*Mys.* Nay then I care not, saddle my Mule I say, let her pray God her feeling be good, for as I am, a Ladie, Ile not leaue her an eie to see withall, and yet I will not scold neither. Exi.

*Dor.* Oh take heed of that at any hand, So, so, so; now it begins to quicken me thinkes, I see alreadie how she runs astir at the Wenchess eies: calls the maid Baud, the woman Whore, and her husband Lecher: and when all comes to all, like an Irish Wolfe, she barkes at her owne shadow, but committing her and her Ass to their wildgoose chace; now to my sweet hart *Mopſa*, for she's all the blockes last in my eie to stumble on: and God blesse my wits, for the toole haunts me.

*Enter Mopſa.*

*Mopſa.* *Dorus*, where's my Father *Dorus*?

*Dor.* Your Father, Oh my deare *Mopſa*?

*Mopſa.* Nay now you flout me?

*Dor.* Flout you? oh the faire heauens, but this ti's for a man to cast away himselfe in violence of passion and extremitie of sightes on a piece of beautie, that cares not for him, but it is the tricke on you all.

*Mopſa.* Trickes, no agodmendine, and I should not haue a husband till I got him with tricks, I should lead apes in hell, but faith tell me, duſt te loue loue me *Dorus*.

*Dor.* Doe I loue you quoth ye, It cuts my very heart strings, doe I loue you? why tis the onely marke my Indeuors shoot at.

*The Isle of Gulles.*

*Mop.* If thou doft not hit the marke,then shou'ret a very knyg'ler:but where is my Father?

*Dor.* Why I haue sent him and your mother out of the way of purpose, and appointed *Manasses* to meet vs this euening at *Adonis Chappell* in the *Amazons* apparell, to marrie vs: I thinke this are signes I loue you.

*Mop.* I but you ieast, I doubt you will not marrie me.

*Dor.* Will you meete me there?

*Mop.* As I am a Virgin I will.

*Dor.* And come with an intent to marrie me?

*Mop.* As I hope to be a wife I will.

*Dor.* You must take heed you keepe our purpose close,

*Mop.* As I did the losse of my Maydenhead.

*Dor.* Why haue you lost it then?

*Mop.* Many a deere day agoe, yet I told Nobody on't but my Mother and our Horsekeeper, and they say I am nere the worse mayd for that, and I can keep my owne counsell, as I hope I shal; but will you meet me soone?

*Dor.* Lust in the mid-way, as *Titlers* doe.

*Mop.* Hee goe afore and stay, but doe not deceiu'e me, and you doe, he shew my Fathers Horsekeeper all as God mend me.

*Dor.* So *tria sequuntur tria*, now am I rid of a triumvirie of fooles, and by there absence haue won a free access to an escape.

If my *Lisander* hope proue like to this,

This night shall Crowne vs Monarchs of our blisse.

*Enter Duke and Lisander.*

*Duke.* No more of these delayes sweet Madam, your loue hath broken day oft with my expeftance, I dare giue it trust no longer.

*Lisander.* I confesse it my Liege, and like a spent Deare, not able to maintaine longer flight, I cast my selfe downe breathlesse at your loues mercie: yet I beseech your Maiestie, let not your eager defires, practise any present violence vpon my yeelding chastitie: twas onely possession of my loue you had in chace, which with conuenient time & place purchased, I put your gracie in full posſeſſion of.

*Duk.* Although thy Breath be never but Muscall, yet it never caught the string of true happiness till now: and to approve thy heart

*The Isle of Gullies.*

heart setts hand to thy word , appoint the time.

*Lisa.* Then this present euening ( and yet my Virgin blood ,  
and alhamd to consent to the betraying of my modestie ) meete  
me at *Adonis* bower, where ile make tender of subdued chaste  
to your high Maiestie, as my first & most victoriouſ conquerour.

*Duke.* By my Imperiall Globe , and hope of those loyes , thy  
presence shall bring to enrich me with, ile meete thee, and make  
thee Queene ouer the most submisse Captiue that euer lotte tooke  
prisoner.

*Lisa.* If you deceiue me.

*Duke.* Not except warme life,  
Deceiue my voice of their iniuste heart,  
Theſt haſt ſlow time, exchange thy leaden flete,  
For *Hermes* wings till I my faire hopes meeete.  
But lockt once in the armes of my delight,  
Cloth all the world in an eternall night.

And ſeed of morning when the Sunne ſhould riſe,  
They ſhall ſee two in my *Zelmaſes* cies.

*Lisa.* So farewell thought I, I haue prepar'd you a *Zelmaſe*  
answerable to your expecation.

Then triumph in thy will, and let thy thoughts,  
Proclaime a habileſt my teeming hopes  
Are now deliuereſt of a gratious birth,  
Which I haue Chriftened, opportunitie,  
Vnto whose Shrine in honour of this day,  
My thoughts ſhall hold a monthly ſacrifice.  
Loue graunt *Demerius*, meeete the like ſuccesse,  
Our paines are crownd with double happiness.

*Enter Julio and Aminta*

*Julio.* Only our diſguifes hold firme , but all other attempts  
meete vntimely deaſhes, even in their cradles.

*Aminta.* What and wee ſhould acquaint the Ladies with our  
intents.

*Julio.* Twould argue a kind of cowardice in our wits, that haſt  
ſuch ſuspeſtles admittance to thare presence, as this diſguife hath  
purchased vs, we ſhould not haue that abilitie of inuicture to en-

*The Isle of Gullion*

tangle' em in their owne securtie.

*Amis.* Well howsocuer, we must not dwell long; determining for the libertie of stay with *Dameras*, who out of his covetous disposition in detaining our reward, allowed vs the eldest day of our licent abode at Court is run out.

*Ful.* Tis very true, and for my part, Ie rather go home with a private repulse, then managing any unlikely attempt become sufferer vnder a publike disgrace.

*Ami.* Thats my very thought, yet that our second arivall bee not altogether empty of imployement, lets practise something vpon *Dameras*, and acquaint the world with his coward basenes; in which, he not only detracts from his masters bountie, but looke how as Cunduit head or malter-spring that is poisoned, doth his best to infect the whole bodie of the court, with the leprosie of his covetousnesse.

*Ful.* Theres no action of his begetting can be said to be truly honourable.

*Ami.* How can they when there Father's a mangrell, the Duke out of his honourable bountie commaunded him to reward our traualles with 200. Crownes: and now after two moneths attendance, and enforst delayes: In which time an ordinarie petitioner might haue spent the valew of the reward; he packes vs off with 50. Crownes, his excuse being that his master hath forgot vs, and what he doth, is of his owne bountie, as if the Moone should brag she gaue the world light, whn all the lutter she hath, comes from the heat of the Sunne.

*Ful.* Should his villanies be suffered to prosper, they would grow to such height, as the Dukes authoritie should ha much trouble to prune them.

*Ami.* To preuent which his maiestie shall haue priuate note of it, knew we in whose trutl to conduct it.

*Ful.* Tis an Office verie few dare undertake; he is so riveted to the Dukes good opinion.

*Ami.* Lyes there no iarde twixt none of the Nobilitie and him what say ouy *Zelmares*?

*Ful.* The gallant *Amison*, you could not ha cast your choyce fitter, for her honorable minde mayntaines deadly feud against his bace proceedings; and heere she comes, attended by *Dameras* sernant, lets waite on oportunitie.

*Enter*

# The Isle of Gauls.

Enter Lysander and Demetrius.

Dr. Lysander.

Lys. Demetrios.

Iolo. Lysander and Demetrios, stand close, of my life we are come  
to the birth of some notable knavery.

Amt. How blowes the winds of our hopes?

Lysand. Fayr to the point of our expectation, I have made away  
the Duke and the Dutch.

Dem. How made away them? poysond them.

Lys. with a confection of loue, which I haue so tempred with fair  
promises, as theyr minds are in loues heauen already: Videket in  
Adonis bower, wher this euening I haue giuen em my word to meet  
em; but I haue so cast it, that Manasser shall meeet em in my steede.  
Dem. Twill be a rare scean of myrth, to hear what costly discourses  
cheyle bestow vpon the soleil in thy outside.

Iolo. De you heare that.

Lys. Yes, thanke loue and my carres, but list the conclusion.

Lysa. I haue cleard the way to *Violetta*, but what order hast thou  
tane, with thy burbolts: *Damer*, *Mys*, and amorous *Mopse*.  
*Damer*. Shot em away, at three severall markes, yet so conuoyd it  
that in the end they shall all meeet at Adonis chappell.

Lysan. This project cannot but bring forth some notable deceipt,  
Iolo. My hopes should want of thyer will, and it do not.

Lysand. Now we haue made a smooth passage to our escape, how  
shall conuoy our louer out of the Iland.

Dem. I haue determined of that sir, and better to effect, my boy  
this time haft cast such a bait of knavery to the two Captaines, *Kaled-*  
*der* and *Philimer*, as we may passe without suspition.

Lysan. But how for transporation.

De. I am furnishit of that to, you rememb're the two Lacedemon  
intelligences

Ilo. Now what of vs.  
Iolo. Hold my life, we shall be put in this scean of gullery.

Lysan. Oh in any case.

Dem. For the loue of Cupid do, iniuris past, lets take our en-  
trace, and passe over the stage like mutes, to furnish our a shewe,  
Lysan. And see occasion like a kind wench presents em in the very  
y instant my honest friende welcome, haue you not your dispatch?

## The Isle of Guls.

with a letter to Lacedemon.

Ans. Madam we haue, and stay onely to take our leaues of your Ladiship, and know what seruice your honor will command.

Lifas. you haue my thankes, for the truthe is, I must commit the fynesse of much import vnto your crufft, and to preuent muche circumstancials take my worke, you are not ignorant of the kings generall challenge.

Iulio. About his daughters.

Lif. you vnderstand me, with these few crowns receiue my mind which is to conuey the 2, ladies whome we in these disguises haue woon to Lacedemon,

Ans. were we but confirmd of your estates.

Lif. were we give your sufficient assurance of that and the princesses themselues shall confirme it.

Iulio, we craue no better madam, but shall we not ha yowrs ho-  
nors company.

Lif. No; having brought them abord, weeke make resumme to the Duke, to let him vnderstand we stole not our prizes but woon them lawfully at the point of wit.

Ans. A noble resolution.

Iulio. His foile wil appear the more palpable, and your conquest the more applausable, where shall we receive the Ladies.

Dem. Be that our care, but on your limes be he edful of your safe

Ans. More then of our own my lord,

Dem. Inough whilst you attend weeke to the Duke, and play all guls or none.

Iulio All Guls indeed since you had follies whip,

No guls, to all guls, foole loue fellowship.

Enter Miso and Mop.

Miso. Looke well to mine Asie ther, lord how I sweat with anger; this sames the house sure, and now like a wife Lady let me count my hurs, and see how I shalbe reuengd : it shalbe so, ile haue em both

cared, and manasses shal go afore like a whiffer and make way with his horns, where be these whores : open the dore, wher be these plan-

ders : O that I were not a lady : I could scold like a butter-whore,

Entwif. whose there a gods name, lord for his mercy is the woman,

mad.miso : yes I banke ye fort: horn mad, wheres your companion wiffe, Iesus for thy mercie sake madam, what do I want.

## The W<sup>e</sup> off G<sup>r</sup>af

M<sup>rs</sup>. what do I want, the chiefe implement a woman shold have  
I want that as a woman cannot be without, I mean my husband, if  
want w<sup>e</sup>ife, your husband, I haue him not as I haue an honest woman,  
mi. not as you are an honest, so I think, but as you are an arrant  
whore you did, you must haue your Creuisbes with a pox cannot  
City Mauncherland fresh cod-sette your runc, but you must haue  
Court cake-bread and Creuisbes with a vengeance, but come give  
me my husband, or ile haue him out of the flesh on thee, and yet I  
will not scold neither.

w<sup>e</sup>ife Pray Madam ha patience: what shold your husband do here  
m<sup>rs</sup>. That which he shold do at home with his wife, and he were  
w<sup>e</sup>oth his ears w<sup>e</sup>ife, Lady I protest I do not know him.

w<sup>e</sup>ife. Not know him, thou liest in every vaine ich haft thou lyest,  
thou knowest him, and as Adam knew Eve thou knowest him, hec  
hath bene as inward with thee, as euer he was with me he hath by  
his owne confessiōn he hash, & thou deniest it, thou liest in thy throat  
like a Puritanicall whore as thou art, O that I were a butter-whore  
for an houre knaughte scold a littel.

w<sup>e</sup>ife Madam they are no honest men that bring these tales to you  
m<sup>rs</sup>. Men bring tales to me, I desie thee in thy guts, I desie thee,  
men bring tales to me, thou takeſt me to be one of thine own church  
dost obey aſenō honest men that bring tales to thee, and ha wifes  
of their owne, and thy husband doſt of them, go thy waies now.  
w<sup>e</sup>ife. I beseech you madam do but heare me.

w<sup>e</sup>ife. Hear thee, I haue heard too much of thee, too too much too  
much, wheres my husband, bring iorlth my husband, ille teach him  
to put a difference betwixt loan and my ladie I hold him at a pound  
on, and yet I will not scold him ther, and I had bin an old haſtastea  
ming as his whore is a puritan, it had bid somwhat, but being a wo  
man of Gods making, and a ladie of his owne, and wearing mine own  
haire which is much in a ladie of my standing I can tel you, to vise me  
thys, as she haſt blode canot in other, let me come in, open the dore  
le dare some in. But that I were anie vile thing in the world but a la  
die that I might scold a little.

Enter Kaland and philanar Denier, boy.

Boy. So, so, so, take your places, for the lame bald pated oke is  
the staggē where ye shall see the part of a doing people perisad by  
an old man and a young wench by her selfe, whoe is a jester.

# The Vie of Gull.

Do worshipfull Dameas,

The same man,

Hath he no fellow asers in his most lamentable, commical, histori-

call, tragicall, muscall, pastorall.

Boy None that require any mouthing but his Asse and himselfe,  
marry then he has Signer Mattocke, a very sharpe satyricall humo-

rist, and Mounser Iespade; but he goes somewhat more bluntly to

his businesse, yet heele serue for mutes, and as good as the best to

furnish out the stage.

Kat. But dares Dorus being but Dameas seruant so abuse his ma-

ister thus grossly.

Boy O Lord Sir, their ha ben seruing men haue done their Mai-  
sters farre greater abuse, yet had their wiues conceald it, their cares  
should never haue bin acquainted with it.

Phi. Is that a fashion in request.

Boy Altogither Ile assure you, but obediance Gentleman the scene  
beginges.

Enter Dameas with mattocke and spade

Kat. Pray God it be good he staines so long,

Ridiculous enough, and good enoughe.

Dame. So, stand Asse, stand gentle Asse.

Ka. What countreimen is his Asse he speakes so familiarly to him.

Boy Ath Citty breedeth, marrie he picks vphis lyung ath burs and  
nettles that grow about the Court gate.

Dam. be in readines good mattocke, play thy part sweet spade,  
let me see Dianaes oke? I held Dianaes oke deuine, true pure gold

honest, Dorus, fortunate Dameas.

Ka. An excellent comedyan, what life he puts into his part,

Da. So, by thy leue stone, by thy patience honest stone, the very  
grauell sauours of treasure, this iames the bed chamber of my Lady  
pecunia, and see, see some of her golden haires, more, more, more  
yet diuine tree, pure gold, honest Dorus, fortunate Demetrius, soft-  
ly, lofely, nor to fast, let me not deuoure my content too greedily  
least like a cormorant I take a surfeit on.

Phi. Otake heed of that maister in anie case.

da. Pure mettle, excellent gold: but let me see nowt, I shall by  
computation haue some three millions of them, I some thre or  
four millions, how shall I imploy em to make the most profit of

# The Ille of Guise.

em.

da. That would be knowne indeed.

da. Ile put out one million to vse, after the rate of seuen score to the hundred : and yet I wnat, no sic, for then you wil ha my humor brought ath stage for a vserer ; to preuent with scandalous report, ile put it into my Scribe-maiers hand, and he shall deale for mee,

Kal: Theres is a simple cloake to couer his villany.

Phil: Tis a very short one, : and passing slyte to hide his knauerie.

boy: it cannot chose but be scene through,

dam: Another Milion ile lay to bestow in Offices, I wil haue welth or ile rake it out ath kennels else, chimaies ha smoak for alreadye, and now ile deale vpon sca-cole and salt, now, now, now, it comes, sweet gold, honest Dorus, fortunate Demetrius, dewine gold, how, how, shal / adore thee, O let me do the homage of my knees : now nowe, for the tongue of a Poet, tho I hate poetrie worse then any of the seauen deadly sinnes, I could wish my selfe a Poet for some houre, to write a Poem in the praise of my diuiniae mistres ; and see the verie bed wherein her diuinitic is lodged : happy, happy, thrice boy. happie Dametas, now like an oreiod louer, let mee open the sheets of my heauenlie mistris, with reuerence, so with humble reuerence, and like a blushing louer that puts out the light ere he presumes to touch the bed of his loue so let me darken the candles of my bodie, mine eies, and first blisse my hands with touching, next enrich mine ears with hearing, and lastlie make happie my eies with with seeing, and let them convey the ioy down into the bosome of my thoughts, by degrees, softly by degrees.

Phi: Did you ever see Asse makes such a ceremonious preparation

dam: be not offended sweet mistris that I presume to touch,

phi: a fooles head of your owne,

Kal: Has a bin at any cost of al this innocate for a coxcomb and a

phi: beshrow my iudgement but he deserves it,

boy: And his deserit were neere so much, he could but beare away the bel, and so you said he doth :

da: A coxcombe and a bel, oh indignity : damnable oke, vile and euil accurst Dorus, vnfortunate Dametas, Diana I tel thee thou art no honest goddes to vise a Gentleman thus. What here a writing, your helpe good speacles, lend me your helpe good speacles, some comfortable newes good speacles :

## The Isle of Gauls.

Whobath his hire hath well his labours plast.

Earth thou diest seeke, and store of earth thou hast.

He that vaine hopes pursues for loue of pelfter  
Shall loose his wits and likely finde himselfe,

Theo thinke thy paines rewarded well,

Thou broughth the foole, beare backe the bell.

Of other matters what ensues

Addis bower shall tell the newes,

Villaous poetry, I am made a blac foole by poetry,

But though I can do em no further disgrace, my fatal curse,

Wronged gentemans fatal curse dwelt euer vpon them, Diana

Revere me, and let my wordes finde gratiouse acceptance.

K. Hide your heads, the terrible curse comes like a ston vpon you

D. Rancor, spie, mallice, hate, and all disasters,

Strengthen my faith against all portastors.

May their intentes tho pure as christall glasses,

Be couined faltis and capitall trespasses,

O may their liues and labourd industrie,

Though worthy of Apolloes plaudit be

The cleerest thought in loyalty excelling

Baby some Dor presented for libelling,

When they haue writ a feine in whiche their braines,

Haued dropt there deceipt sweet s and their swoln vaines,

Emptied their Clindits of their puicest spirit,

Asthey stand gaping to receive their merite,

In sted of plaudities their chiefest blisses

Let their deautes be crownd with newekand husses royned

Sit empty guls, slight fooles and false informers,

Termme them the lards vnnecessary members,

And like shre deere when they haue spente in breath,

to make kings sport let them be tornred destry, uoy o my Ladys

Might I but see one of them go to hanging goyned thurgh the

Cap. A palling strange curse and no question he has trauel'd far for  
some of the rimes, 2 Cap. He must traualke further that finds any rep-

son int, 1 Cap. No matter for reas on theirs time enoughe and þat he  
2 Cap. Some of it is no better then it should be, or my iudge-  
ane deceiuement can Sure he had some reason to make this rime,

## The He of Guls.

and a man could pick it out. Cap, rather then ile be coured inquisitione, mine ears shal content themselves with the times onely, and leue the reason to the scolding of poets whom it more neerly concerns. 1 Cap, But wheres the wag that invited vs to this banquet of mirth shrunke in the wetting?

2 cap: twere a rare iest now if whilst the boy kept vs here in expectation of Dameas gullety his M: had made an escape with the duks daughters, 1 cap: that or some knauery else vpon my life, i had the boy in shrowd suspision at the fist.

2 cap: And this his suddaine and stolne departure, confirmes it currant 1 cap: then we are spech, for in suspisions face, I see some suttle stratagem in chace.

Enter miso and Manses wife?

wife: Will your lordship beleue me now: nay and I sait your wortship may swert, tho I haue but a (poore astro say) hole of mine own, I hope the spirits haue more denomination ouer me, then to make it a common slaughter house of carnallity where euery iacke may command flesh for his monys. miso: No more words sweet woman, I confess I was in the wrong, there is not the hole the Fox hides his head in: and therefore for the loue of womanhood conceale mine errors, for howsoeuer I complainid his thy for he daks, thy temples ha the terrible blow as the say, thy husband is a bad man. wife, my husband: miso: I, I, good woman thy husband: he is as I say a fleshly member and I fear he hath ouercome the foolish thing thy daughter, wife your daughter ile slit her nose by this light and she wer ten ladies, twas not for nothing my husbaad said he shold mette her this evening at Adonis chappel, but and I come to the godis peed on, ile tel em out soundly? miso: I do good woman tel em out, & spare not but in any case do not icold. wife: Why may not a gentlewoman scold in a good case: miso: I know not what a gentlewoman do in a good case, but a iady must not in any case:

wife: tho I may not scold I may tel em roundly off. I hope,

wife: and ile not be me alely mournd I warrant em, wil you bearre

me company to the chappell maddam?

miso: withall my hart misis, what Dorus hath giuen me, Exempt.

ile giue my friend, no foole to company, Exempt.

Actus quintus, scena prima, ad modum intermissionis.

## The Me of Guis.

Enter the Duke in Adams bower

Farewell bright sunne thou lighter of all eies  
thou falst to give a brighter beame to rise.

Each tree and shrub were trames of thy haire,  
But these are wiers for none but kings to weare,  
And my rude tonge straining to blaz her forth,  
Like a bad arteseman doth disgrace her worth,

but heeres the place, vpon this christall streame :

Where *Cuberea* did vnyoake her teame

Of siluer dous, to interchange a kisse

With young Adams shall I meeete my blisse:

The gentle minis crowdnd with christall flowers,  
Loosing there youthes, are growne vp perse & howers,

To hasten my delight, the bashfull moone

that since her dalliance with Endimior,

Durst never walke by day is vnder saile,

In steede of sheetes has spred her siluer vaille,

Each gliding brooke and every bushy tree

Being ripe with siluer were her liury,

And the dim nighc to grace our amorous wars,

Hath stuck nine spheares full of immortall stars,

To sted of pearles the way on which she treads

Is strowd with Christal leu and siluer beades.

Enter Ducther.

She comes, her feete makes musick with the ground,

And the shaft ayre is rauisht with the sound,

My soule flyes forth to meeete her : hell my wife,

Her presence like a murtherer drives the life

Out of my pleasurs breast, her ielous eie

Enuyes the heauen of my felicity.

Dur. Zelmane, or my husband life or hate.

K. What makes old Autum out a bed so late,  
that snow should goe a woeing to the sunne

When one warme knif works her confusion.

Dur. I haue the iest, suspition that keepes

Court in my husbands thoughts, seeing my loue,

Ele & this walke, hath brought him after me,

K. She doges her sure, and she to shake her off  
Hartaines some other walke Ile place mine eare  
in distance of her will.

# The Isle of Guils.

D<sup>uke</sup>. Could I but hear the innocent deliuery of his breath,  
I wold be a second iubile of mirth.

D<sup>uke</sup>. Heere comes my loue.

Enter Manasse like Lysander.

D<sup>uke</sup>. your loue? Alasse poore Duke,  
Your forward hopes will meete a barren spring,  
My sunne appears.

D<sup>uke</sup>. Fie your loue speakes so loude,

Your sunnes eclipsit, your date vpon a cloude.

D<sup>uke</sup>. See how his armes like precious phenix wings,  
Spred to imbrace me.

D<sup>uke</sup>. Now the Cuckoo sings,  
Those amorous armes do make a golden space  
To hug a Duke.

D<sup>uke</sup>. But ile fill vp the place.

D<sup>uke</sup>. Those fingers tipt with curious porphery,  
Staining Pigmaliions matchlesse imagery,  
Like amorous twins all of one mother nurst,  
Contend in curtesie who shoud touch me first.

D<sup>uke</sup>. Should touch me first: their strife is vnderooke,

To twine a young bay not a farre stooping oake.

D<sup>uke</sup>. Young bay, stale iest, that a dry saplesse rinde  
should hoid young thoughts, and a licentious minde,  
Were he but gone now.

D<sup>uke</sup>: Were the Duke away,

My hopes had got the better of the day.

Man : This is Adonis chappell, I wonder they come not, tho I  
bear a little learning about me, and a few good clothes, I wold not  
wilham to make Balam asse a me: for though many fooles take no  
felicity but in weareing good clothes(tho they be none of their own)  
I haue a further reach in me.

- D<sup>uke</sup>: I could ban my stars.

D<sup>uke</sup>: I curse my fate.

D<sup>uke</sup>: That crost me thus.

D<sup>uke</sup>: Make me vnfortunace.

D<sup>uke</sup>: Alas good lady, how her pretty feet labour to finde me

D<sup>uke</sup>: that my hopes should meete such blacke euents.  
D<sup>uke</sup>: O would the fridly night darken her selfe.

# The Isle of Gauls.

D<sup>r</sup>. Would the Moone lose her light,  
That in the bosome of some foggy cloud  
I might embrase my loue.

Duke But night is purblind

To make a Duke a slave.

Dut. To make a Dutches

wrafle with amorous passions.

Duk, life a spleene

Could my rough breath like a tempestuous wind,  
Blow out heauens candles, leue the world starke blind,  
That it might either haue no eies to see :

Or vse those eies it hath to pleasure me.

Dut. Or vse those eies it hath to pleasure me. man. Who woulde  
ha thought the cold had bene so good a munition : howe it plaies  
vpon my chappes, and maketh my teeth skippe vp and downe my  
mouth like a company of virginall lackes, but I find small mufiske  
in it, and Mopſa should come now I could doe her little good, yet  
and she were here, she and I would haue about at cob-nut or at che-  
ri-pit or somewhat to keep our selues from idlenes, tho she be but  
a foole, the bables good enough to make sport with all in the darke  
and that very word hath started her.

Enter Mop.

Mop, whose there Manasses.

man, yes Mopſa.  
mop. plain Mop. I might be madam Mopſa in your mouth, good  
man &c. whers Dorus.

man, why because he wil not be saide to make too much hast to a  
bad bargaine, he is not come yet,

mop, not come, a pescod on him, but also I thought at first he  
would make but a foole on me.

man, would you haue him taend Gods wormanship?

mop, But chose him, since he hath buld me with an vrchin, ile goe  
fetch Raph our horskeeper, let him that got the calfe keep the cow  
in a knaues name and he wil, ha you your booke heere.

man, no matter wench, I can dote wel inough without booke,  
mop. Nay and yecan dote wel inough your selfe, I care for neither  
of them both, but indeed I loue to haue a thing wel done, for sakes  
my mother, a thinge once wel done, is twice done, and I am in her  
mind for that vp and downe,

# The Ile of Guyls.

'Dut, Whose with my Lord the Duke, it cannot be,  
Miae eie would not conceale such trechery.

Dut, Tis not the Dutches sure, no it is amarous loue,  
that seeing Zelmane passionate for loue,  
Descends to comfort her, loue if there be  
A powerful Phebus God of poetry,  
In deare remembrance offaire Daphnes rape,  
to win my loue, lend me some stranger shape,  
Such as your selues haue worne, that when your name  
is sung by poets, they maie cote my name,

Dut, Sure tis my daughter,

Duk, Daughter: how her eie

Cuts out new formes, new shapes of iealousie:

Dut. As sure as death tis she, for see they stand  
like amarous twins, intwisted hand in hand,  
Breast against breast, and that no ioy be misfing,  
To heare discourse, their lips keepe time with kissing,  
Ile not indur<sup>t</sup> impatience grow strong,  
And tho a prince, tel him he doththee wrong.  
*Duk* Do preethe do, this sweetens al the rest,  
But here would be the elixar of the iest,  
if whilst we kept each other at a baie,  
A third should come, and beare the hare away.

*Enter Dametas.*

(golde  
dam. villanous poetic, vncchristianlike poetry, I am cozend of my  
by poetic, rob'd of my charge by poetic, made an apparent foole  
by poetic, vilanous Oke, accurst Dorus, vnsfortunat Dametas:whose  
there may daughter and with Zelmane ? a wel-willer to Dorus, a fa-  
vorite to poetic, and therfore enemic to Dametas, come hither *mop*  
*so*, a thy fathers blessing come not neare her: what *Mopfa*.

*mop*. yes, whose there? Dorus.

dam. Confusion a Dorus, I am thy miserable father, didst not see

*mop*. no by my troth not I? Did ye not see Dorus. (of Hipolita,

dam. Pox of dorus / am vndone madam and thou tellt mee not  
*me*, Pox a Hippolita, I am a dumbeweman and you can tel me  
acwes of Dorus

*me*, I had rather see ten doruses hang'd then lose Hippolita,  
*me*, I had rather see ten fathers damd then lose my sweet dorus,

## The Isle of Guls.

*Mop*: I shall run franticke and I find not Dorus.

*Dut*: Whats heere, I shall run mad for *Hpolita*.

*Duke*: And I shall run franticke and I find not Dorus, I hold my life we haue some comedy in hand, we shall haue a full scéane, for here comes more actors.

*Enter Mopso and Manasses wife.*

*Wife*: Assures I am a sinner to God madam, that sam's he.

*Misso*: What with a brace of wenches, I faith olde brocke, haue I tane you in the maner, is this the fruits of your lying alone? is this your court custome with a wanion, lend mee thy knife, tho I had neither house, nor land to gne em, ile bellow a whores marke betwixt you, and yet I will not scold neither.

*mep*: What a gad'vre aisle you mother, are you frampall, know you no, your owne daughter.

*Misso*: Mopso, O insufferable wrong, make thine own natural child thy bawd,

*Duke*: Heeres an excellent patterne for wives to learneto scold by *Misso*. What mistres Amazon, ha you such a cocking spirit, honest Women cannot keepe their husbands at home for you: tis not for nothing now I see, that the Dutches lookes yellow on you, but ile teare tha' painted whores face of yours (by this light) and yet I wil not scold neither.

*man*: Madam,

*Misso*: ile mad you with a vengeance.

*The Duke and Dutches step both forth and refraine her.*

*Dut*: Touch not the prince.

*Duke*: On your allegiance forbear, what means this outrage, can not our private walks be privileged from your wilde contentious.

*Dut*: how fares the prince.

*Duk*: How cheares my good Zel'mane?

*man*: Zel'mane, no Gods my iudge my liege, I am Manasses, mi-

ferable Manasses, your husbands icribe-major madam.

*Duk*: Manasses.

*Mis*: My man.

*Wife*: And my deere head, alas sweet loue, what makest thou heer.  
*m*, Mary Werke for the hangman, and the Duke be not the more mischfull.

## The Isle of Gaul.

**duke** Theres some deceit in this, Dametas, wheres Hippolita?  
**dem** : I, I, theres som knauery in this : Moplo wheres Hippolita?  
**mif** : doubtles theres some villany in this, Mepio wheres Hippolita?  
**mep** : Ther's no plaine dealing in this, Manasses wheres Dorus?  
**Gry** : Answere directly, wheres Hippolita?

**dem** : Alas madam I knowe not, whilst I almost melted my selfe  
with digging of gold in Dianaes oke, I left her in my wifes charge  
**wife** And whilst I ran to Manasses, thinking to take my husband  
& his wife in the manner, I left Hippolita in my daughters chamber  
**man** : and whilst I came to Adonis chappell to be tost in my marie  
age blankets with Dorus, I left my little dog pearl plucking dazies:  
**duke** Who sent you to Dianaes oke to dig gold?

**Gry** : who sent you to take your husband in Manasses house?

**wife** : dorus.

**duke** who sent you to Adonis chappell.

**mep** : dorus:

**duke** And who turnd you into this shape:

**man** : They that I feare haue made guls of vs all, Zelmaane, and

dorus:

**duke** : we are all simply gulde, and see where the Sunne scarce

halfe ready, skippe from his Easterne bed, smilng at our gallery:

*Enter Lyfander and demetrio.*

**dem** : Come wheres this lusty wit-maister.

**Lya** : the keeper of this loue-lottery,

**dem** : This gallant *Inventor* of fourscore, that like my Lady of the

Lake, displates against al commers.

**Lisan** : May a couple of plaine witted priaces haue a sight of your

prizes :

**dem** : Where be these Ladie sha? ha your wits had such a skirmisshing that the two maides haue lost their heads in the conflikt.

**du** : Heads, I and bodye to my Lorde, and all at one shot, and which is worse our wits are so scattered with the terrible blow that to be plaine we are scarce our owne men againe.

**dem** : then you haue had some knock'g,

**man** : so it apperes by the storie my Lord :

**lisan** : How say you my lady, what Oule hings out of that tuy bush

**dem** : was your witz knighted in this last action:

**man** : I am not such a fooe, I loue my lord, / am no knight, I am

Manasses ther made a plaine feole.

## The Isle of Guls.

D<sup>a</sup>m: the onely were, for the gaured foole is out of request: but  
faith my liege how did your opposites behauē themselues, did they  
win the Wenchess faire at the point?

D<sup>a</sup>: At the very push of iuention, and went off cleare w<sup>t</sup>ouchr,

L<sup>i</sup>sa : And could you draw no blood of their wits:

D<sup>a</sup>: Not a drop.

L<sup>i</sup>sa: Nor demetrius neither, nor Manasses?

D<sup>a</sup>: Neither, to our owne disgrace be it spoken, the carriage of  
their stratagem deserues applause, and I held it a credit to rest cap-

tive to such valiant conquerors?

L<sup>i</sup>sa: Why so be, I like a man that wil confess his error.

D<sup>a</sup>: It merrits comiseration madam and my liege, not to detract  
from our worth: your care, we two are the parties you wot on.

D<sup>a</sup>: Ware you the men?

L<sup>i</sup>sa: No he was the man, mary I was the woman in the moone,  
that made you walk al this last night like the man in the mist, I could  
say somewhat to you to Madam as for demetrius & his man let them  
stand like fooles as they are.

D<sup>a</sup>: Can it be possible.

D<sup>a</sup>: No, no, we are guls, Innocent sorts, but lance tanta, the girlies are  
ours we haue won em away to dargison.

L<sup>i</sup>sa: Come we haue won the conquest, and thats sufficient.

D<sup>a</sup>: You are a manafestis not sufficient: aha not Hercules for iole,  
Ioue, for Danue, Apollo for daphene, pan for Sime, nay the whole  
pack of their piperly godheads could a dischard a stratagem with  
more spirit of al merit, an ambling nag and a downadown we haue  
borne her away to dargison.

Enter Ilio and Hippolita.

D<sup>a</sup>: Twas the most rarest, diuineſt, Metaphysicalſt, piece of iuention,  
that, what say you my leige.

D<sup>a</sup>: I give your deſarts their full meritt you haue gotten equality

Ilio: All the wenches gaue you:  
D<sup>a</sup>: Alas what spirits vnder the moone could haue detainader  
but know that her cherry red lip, a downe, a downe.

Hip: Trust me but you haue deserved high commendation.

Ilio: Your meritt stood of the upper staire of admiration.  
D<sup>a</sup>: Why thou haft a pretty relish of wit, now that cauſt see the  
broad ey of my deſart at a little hole of demonstration.  
Ilio: your deſart ſauc me free, you haue done a moſt to vſe your own

## The Isle of Guls.

phrase) Metaphysicall piece of seruice, but you had some helpe in questionles, *Hip*: I do not thinke but the ladies had some hand int : *da*, A singer, I confess a finger by the hope of perseveriance, a very little finger. *im*, I thought asmuch by the making of the iesl. *Hip*, I can not detract from the ladies worth, for I knowem for excellent work women, *clam*, work women fit to mak tailorsmen.

*Hip*. I by my faith do I, nay your best tailors are arrant botchers to em, you shal haue a lady make an end of a sute, a court sute, especially when all the tailors in a countrey know not how to set a stich int : *dorn*, Some ordinary sute perhaps.

*Hip*: your best court suits that are, are finisht by ladies, I haue known a faire my selfe lien a making and maring 3, 4, and fiue yeare together and then a lady hath despacht it in a month with a wet finger, such a finger might the ladies haue in your plot.

*de*, never w et a finger by this sun. *im*. Then she helpst you with one dry iest or other, but and we may be so bold : faith where are the ladies ?

*da*, sure enough I warrant you, some fooles now would haue kept em heare and haue beeue guld on em againe, and laught at age, bvt to prevent all danger, we haue shipt em home for Lacedemon,

*indio*: to Lacedemon, your sunne of wit shines but dimly in that methinkes, to whose charge haue you trusted em?

*Lisan* : to them we durst, nay you must thinke wee are no fooles, *im*. Fooles : nay deepe w it, and pollicy forbid.

*Da*, We had no looner their surprisall, but we had disguise ready, a ship ready, a couple of lusty friends ready, the Lacedemons intelligencers : *im*, durst you trust such pretious iewels in such rusty caskets: *da*: durst, our health, our lines: why they were my tenants, nay you must think we sifted them, we are no fooles in that neither.

*Hip* : If in any thing your wits deserue the bable tis in that, *im*: none but fools wold haue committed such inestimable pecces.

to a couple of strangers :

*Hip* : And in a ship to,

*da* : And vnder sail to.

*da* : And without shipping to follow em to,

*m*, you were no fooles in any thing but that, & in that not to flatter, You expresse the true shape of folly and merely narrat the name of fools. *da*, What will you saie now when these fellowes surrendre

# The Isle of Guls.

Amr Weele discharge you and let their names down for gulls in  
your stead.

D<sup>e</sup>: you know the prouerbe when the skie falle we shal haue larks.  
L<sup>isam</sup>: And when you can bring prooife that we are cosend of our  
Wenches w<sup>e</sup>ele be the woodcocks.

I<sup>die</sup>: Why then we haue once springed a couple of woodcocker.

Enter *Violletta and Hippolita*.

A<sup>ent</sup>: Doe you know these? Who are the fooles now?

d<sup>e</sup>me: *Violletta*.

L<sup>isam</sup>: My *Hippolita*:

d<sup>a</sup>m: What a strange change is heere:

H<sup>ippe</sup>: yes faith gallants you haue very strange carding  
and you knew al, but I hope youle offer vp your cards and yeild the  
set lost.

d<sup>a</sup>m, Guls:

L<sup>isam</sup>: And abus<sup>t</sup> ile loose my life before I loose my honor,  
d<sup>a</sup>m. Honor, and life before ile loose my loue:

D<sup>r</sup>am

D<sup>a</sup>u: Nay gentlemen we bar all violence, the liberty of our chal-  
lengewast o<sup>t</sup> all alike equally free, and since these by faire play haue  
won em, it stands with our honor to see them peaceably pusift of  
em, then surely take em, for though you weare the breeches giue  
vs leue to stand a little:

H<sup>ippe</sup>: why farther ist not time that we were sped  
Tis a great charge to keepe a maidenhead,  
Loose it we must and to preuent il course,  
Better to giuet then haue it stolne perforne,  
if you be pleased let envy doe her wort  
Spirt out her poyson or contain and burst?  
Welcome to all, to all a kind godnigh<sup>t</sup>,  
They crowly liue, that liue in scorae off spight.

FINIS.

In F. the last page, for Lord, read loue cannot be sauad.





Label from the back of the book as sold in J.  
Fitchett Marsh sale (1882); preserved with part of  
the purple cloth cover (see next leaf).

DAY'S FILE OF GOVS 1606.

From the Libraries of

Samuel Stillingfleet father of

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Son

Godfrey Locker Lamson

Sold at Hodgson's London, July 1922, n.

This is the only copy known with Trundle's name in  
the imprint and is the copy quoted by Greg (who had  
been unable to trace it) on Hazlitt's authority

See the paper by [William Roberts] in the Times;  
Literary Supplement, 3 Aug. 1922

CUP 269

100 ft. off. -

the ground is covered with grass and  
the trees are tall and thin.